

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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VOL XXXIX NO 16  
JULY 13 1907

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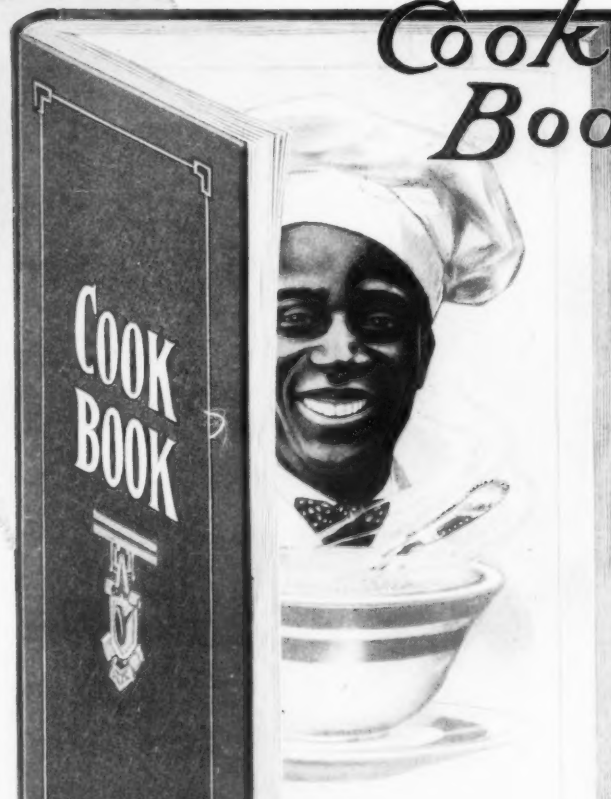
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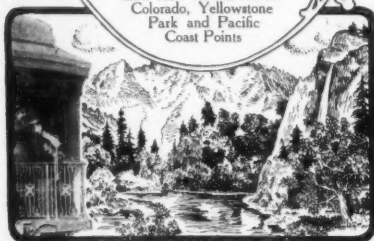
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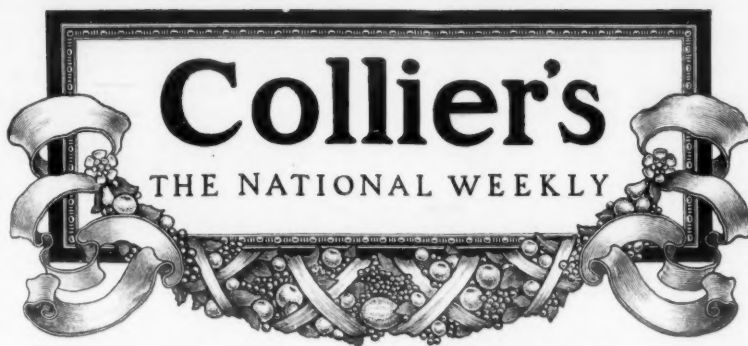
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1907

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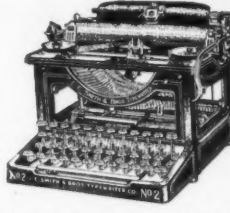
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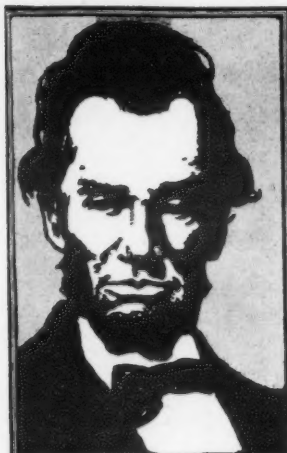
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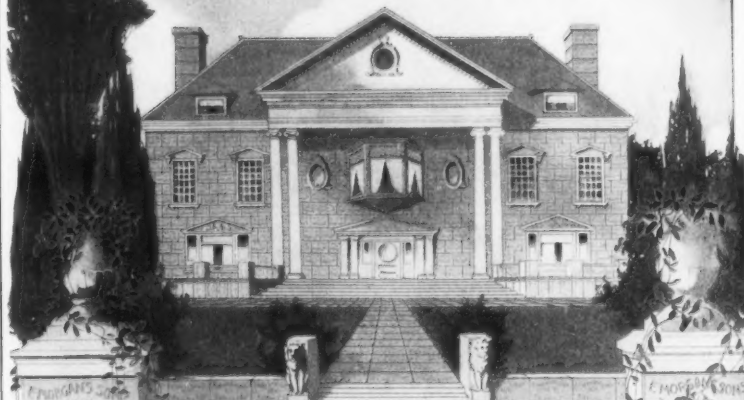
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**EDITORIAL BULLETIN**

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NEW YORK, U. S. A. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1907

### How To Make Friends

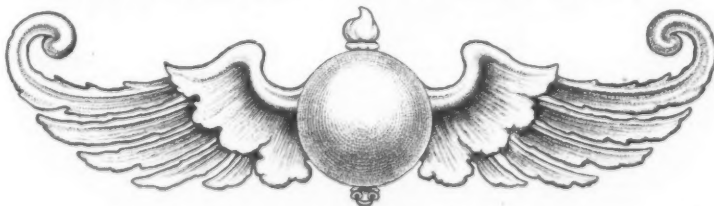
How to make new friends and rally old ones: Write for Collier's. This is a rule that has been discovered by the contributor of one of the little "Life in Our Town" essays, another instalment of which will appear next week. The lady who gave Collier's readers that convincing picture of an Iowa "corn town" thinks that in reckoning the profit and loss from the contest, account should be taken of the letters, consoling, aggressive, judicial, that poured in upon her. Many of them, of course, expressed a conviction that the first prize went astray. But the great majority were friendly—to the author and to Collier's. In her letter to "the man who read a million words" (the "Life in Our Town" editor) the author says: "If my experience has been largely multiplied, as is not unlikely, there must have been a diffusion of friendly warmth sufficient to raise the temperature and force the spring vegetation all over the country." One ray came from an Alabama reader who thinks that all of the essays published thus far have been distinctive, and who asks: "May we not have some essays on a different subject some time?" It is a way of getting ideas that seems too valuable to give up.

### American Investors and Leopold

"For the last two years," says Richard Harding Davis, in the fourth of his series of articles on the Congo and the West Coast of Africa (which will follow "The Capital of the Congo" in this issue), "Thomas F. Ryan and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have been visiting Leopold in Belgium. They have obtained two concessions, and Leopold has obtained, or hopes he has obtained, their influence." America is a party to the agreement under which Leopold rules this great African domain, and he wants powerful friends at Washington. Mr. Davis quotes from a letter from Henry Wellington Wack to the King: "Open up a strip of territory clear across the Congo State from east to west for the benefit of American capital. Take the present concessionaires (the Dutch, French, and Belgians) by the throats if necessary, and compel them to share their privileges with the Americans. In this manner you will create an American vested interest in the Congo which will render the yelping of English agitators and Belgian Socialists futile." How this advice was followed, and what is likely to be the result of the entrance of Americans into the Congo, will form the substance of next week's article.

### Bias?

A letter from a level-headed reader of Collier's in Colorado seriously questions the ability and willingness of the daily press to make an absolutely unbiased report of the Haywood trial at Boise. Anybody, says this writer, who dismisses the whole theory of the defense as generally understood (that the mine owners were themselves the instigators of the crimes to which Orchard has confessed) as a "pipe dream" can not approach the subject in a frame of mind fit to report it. Nor can the unbiased man neglect the State's array of evidence. Possibly the man is yet to be born who could cover the story of the Coeur d'Alene outbreaks, the Cripple Creek and Victor riots, Orchard's life, and the aftermath at Boise without giving some one the impression that he is biased. Yet it seems significant that the reporters for the daily press should so quickly have been classed as pro- or anti-capital. Collier's Colorado friend points out its opportunity to strike the absolute, fair medium. It needs only to be said that Mr. Connolly, whose story of the case will be resumed next week, is aiming at that difficult ideal.



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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published by P. F. Collier & Son (Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier), 416-424 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

**S**KILLED MAKERS AND DISTRIBUTERS of "tainted news," hired by Mr. EDWARD H. HARRIMAN, are the sources of widespread "news" despatches to the effect that their employer is now out of the woods. "The fact is, the President is at sea. The conservative members of the Cabinet are urging him to drop the matter"—so runs a "tainted news" despatch in the Kingston, New York, "Daily Freeman" and many other papers throughout the country. "HARRIMAN has kept within the letter of the law. . . . There are those to-day who make the unqualified prediction that he will never be prosecuted. . . . The opinion prevails among officials of the Department of Justice who have read the testimony . . . that it is not sufficient to warrant prosecution." That Mr. HARRIMAN should employ one of the most successful of the "tainted news" agencies to disseminate these and similar despatches through the press is not, of course, merely a matter of whistling to keep up his courage; he has motives as ulterior as they are obvious, and therein is illustrated the inherent evil of "tainted news." But that may pass for the moment.

## NOT OUT OF THE WOODS

We can not claim an intimacy with the intentions of the Sisters Three, such as Mr. HARRIMAN's publicity agents seem to have with "the conservative members of the Cabinet," "officials of the Department of Justice," and the state of mind of the President. Nevertheless, we throw out with some confidence the thought that proceedings such as have been begun against Mr. HARRIMAN do not logically end with the taking of evidence. The course of nature is on the side of the prediction that Mr. HARRIMAN will ultimately achieve close personal contact with twelve plain citizens and a judge. Moreover, the public bearing of Mr. HARRIMAN on recent occasions does not justify the belief that he has attained that chastening of spirit, that taming of temper, which could have been nature's only purpose in bringing adversity upon him. The obvious probability seems to have escaped general attention that Mr. HARRIMAN's troubles either already have, or will soon acquire, a California end. Any capable clairvoyant on Sixth Avenue ought to be able, for a reasonable fee, to warn Mr. HARRIMAN to beware of a short, blond, smooth-faced man, of an inquisitive intellect and a persistent mind, temporarily residing in San Francisco, whose name begins with H.

**I**N THE HAPPY COMMENCEMENT SEASON that has just ended, the classes of '82 have enjoyed a pleasing prominence. Coming home to their respective Almae Matres just a quarter of a century after graduation, in the full tide of worldly success, with their hair flecked with the grizzled threads that denote maturity, wisdom, and settled character, they have held honored places on the programs, and have served the new alumni as models for admiring emulation. Of all these silver-wedding classes none had an opportunity for a more interesting reunion than that of the University of California. One of its members, Mr. FRANCIS J. HENEY, had just succeeded in putting in jail his classmate, Mr. ABRAHAM RUEF, affectionately known in college days as "Piggy." A third, Mr. JOSEPH DWYER, was mentioned as a probable temporary Mayor of San Francisco, in case Mr. HENEY should finally succeed in prying loose the grip of SCHMITZ on his office. The opportunity for a novel function does not seem to have been fully grasped. For the convenience of Mr. RUEF, the reunion should have been held in the county jail. There Mr. RUEF and Mr. HENEY could have exchanged reminiscences through the bars, after which both could have joined in starting a class fund for the endowment of a memorial Chair of the Ethics of Government.

## A LOST OPPORTUNITY

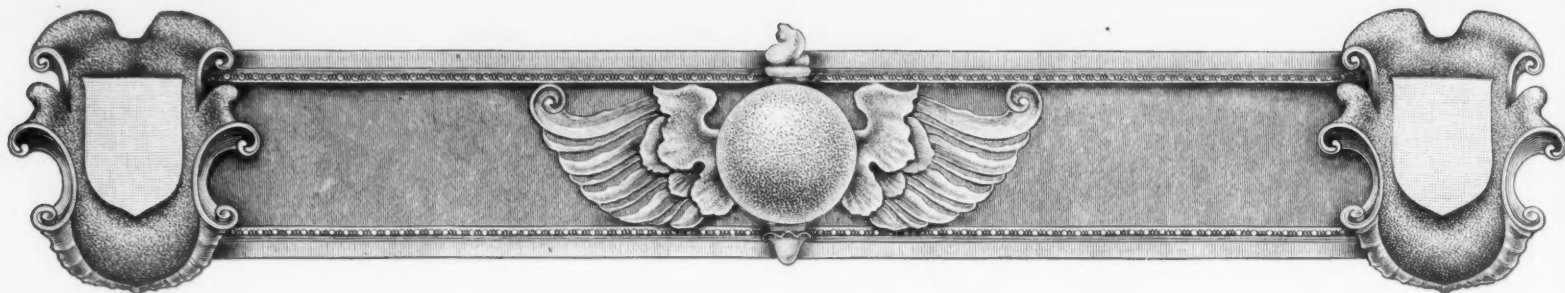
**L**ESS THAN A YEAR FROM TO-DAY, the two great parties will have nominated two men, one of whom will spend four years as the most exalted official of a nation of eighty millions. Who that man will be is no more determinable to-day than a year ago. The Fairbanks boom, although the press mercenaries and the hired biographers pump the bellows with redoubled ardor, bears more and more the atmospheric characteristics of a hard winter and a late spring. Undeniably, TAFT, who at one time seemed the best guess, has conspicuously failed to make the progress that his friends expected. It has been frequently assumed that he was the choice of the present occupant of the White House. Whether this be true or not, there is nothing in the present political situation more clear to those who have tested public opinion widely than that an effort on the part of Mr. ROOSEVELT to name his successor would not help to make his choice a favorite, and would lessen his own popularity. All this is well. Two or three sometimes mentioned as Presidential possibilities ought soon to realize that they do not fit with the mood of the times. It would be humiliation saved for them, and no calamity to this republic. As to HUGHES, KNOX, TAFT, ROOR, CULBERSON, or DANIEL, the longer the race remains as much the prize of one as of another, and as possible to a dark horse as to any of them, the richer and more confident will the country feel in its resources for the filling of high and responsible office.

## POSSIBILITIES

**U**PON THE RANK AND FILE of the Western Federation of Miners rests a heavy responsibility for realizing that for any labor union the only source of real strength is public sympathy with its purpose and public respect for its methods. One of their leaders has been identified with the slogan, "Strike terror to the hearts of capitalism"; another, at an annual convention, said: "I strongly advise you to provide every member with the latest improved rifle, which can be obtained from the factory at a nominal price. I want you to take action on this important question, so that in two years we can hear the inspiring music of the martial tread of twenty-five thousand armed men in the ranks of labor." Such utterances as this on the part of labor leaders would never have been permitted to establish the policy of the miners, if the leaders of capital had not matched them with the Colorado Judge-Advocate-General's "To hell with the Constitution," or the Colorado Governor's suspension of the habeas corpus, an action which undid in one ruthless moment several centuries of patient progress in human liberty.

## ONE UNION'S OPPORTUNITY

**A** YEAR AGO COLLIER'S commented upon the new sliding-scale gas law which had been enacted for Boston through the efforts of the Public Franchise League. The price of gas before the passage of the act had been ninety cents per thousand feet, and the Consolidated Gas Company had been paying eight per cent dividends. The lawmakers took the price the company was charging as the standard maximum rate and cut the dividend to seven per cent on a rigidly limited capitalization. Then they told the corporation that if it wanted to restore the eight per cent dividend it might do so by reducing the price of gas to eighty-five cents, and that it might keep on hoisting its dividends just as high as it pleased, provided it took the simple precaution of lopping off five cents from its charges for every increase of one per cent in its dividend. The company went to work promptly and cheerfully to make the best of the new conditions. It improved its business methods, cultivated good



relations with its employees, and soon found no difficulty in furnishing eighty-five-cent gas with an eight per cent dividend. Now it has pushed the sliding scale another notch, to eighty-cent gas, with nine per cent dividends in sight, and with seventy-five-cent gas and ten per cent dividends a good deal nearer than they seemed to be when COLLIER'S said last summer that they were expected within a few years. Considering the cost of coal and other expenses, even an eighty-cent rate in Boston is cheaper than a seventy-five-cent one in New York, where the Consolidated Gas Company is protesting that the enforcement of the eighty-cent law would confiscate its property. "Boston Gas," which under ADDICKS was once the country's awful example, is now its model.

**PROTEST ON THE PART** of the land-grabbers against the National Forest regulations has taken official form. Colorado, through her Legislature, makes herself the mouthpiece of those gentlemen who wish to preserve the Western forests, for their own gain (with an ax), and has held a "public lands convention" to give voice to their objections and their appetite. "Congress has enacted new laws," states the call of the Program Committee, "which will hinder the development and acquirement of title to these lands." Quite true, in so far as a certain kind of "development and acquirement" is concerned. The acquirement of woodland in bulk, by big timber corporations, through fraudulent entry, which has been practised

#### APOSTLES OF THE AX

so extensively and so profitably in many Western States, will be decidedly hindered by the new laws. Similarly, that form of "development" which has "skinned" so large a part of the Eastern mountain ranges down to the merest scrub will be checked. But the bona fide acquirement and development of lands within the National Forest, by settlers who purpose to retain their holdings instead of turning them over to the forces of destruction, will be fostered by the wise and temperate restrictions of the forestry service. Twenty years from now the nation will be taxed to restore the woodlands which are to-day being so recklessly felled. Shortsighted, indeed, is a policy that permits ravages now, which, in the future, must be paid for with many times compounded interest.

**PIN-PRICKS, IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS**, are only too likely to arouse serious resentments. Therein lies the danger of such public expressions of private ill-feeling as are typified by a recent article in the Los Angeles "Times." The "Times" is prone to excitability, even irritability, on the Japanese question, and, in pursuance of its policy, it occasionally wanders into the realm of fiery fancy. It printed on its first page, recently, this conspicuous heading, "Aoki Is Snubbed, Root Resents Talk About Trifles, Ruffled Diplomat Leaves Department After Hearing Some Plain Talk." The remarkable feature of this journalistic "scare" is that in the article itself there was not a single supporting fact underlying the statements in the heading, other than that the Japanese Ambassador, after leaving the State Department, had "no time to talk," and that "it was clear [to the "Times" correspondent] that his feelings were much ruffled."

#### PLAYING WITH FIRE

On the strength of this the reporter gives the gist of an obviously imaginary conversation in which "Mr. Root undoubtedly did some plain talking to Viscount Aoki." If Mr. HARRIMAN should one day emerge from the White House with a dent in his hat, would the Los Angeles "Times" trumpet out in headline type the scandalous news that President ROOSEVELT had whacked him over the head with a bound copy of the Railroad Rate bill? Such an interpretation would be in line with the Aoki canard, but it would be less harmful. Wars are not made, indeed, out of such balderdash as this, but the feeling aroused in that part of the public too careless or too ignorant to read between the lines does not exactly make for peaceable relations.

**COMMON SENSE SHOULD APPLY** to our relations with the Japanese. We should be ourselves in the right and expect no more and no less from them. Tokyo papers have circumstantial accounts of the mischievous action of American mission-

aries in Korea who take the side of their converts against the ruling power. If these allegations be true, and there is reason to believe that some of them are, then the missionaries are forgetting their divine mission in order to play an illegal and worldly part. The United States recognizes Japan as suzerain of Korea, subject, of course, to rights guaranteed by treaty to resident American citizens and American property.

#### A PIN-PRICK IN KOREA

Any missionary who interferes with Korean politics or incites the natives against the recognized government is a transgressor of the same order as a Japanese who stirs up trouble for our authorities in the Philippines, and he is equally open to suspicion and equally responsible for the misunderstandings that result. Of all international pests, the overpatriotic busybody is the worst. He leads the foreigner to mistake individual interests for national policies. When he wears the cloth he is wholly inexcusable.

**FOR KILLING 1,600 ELK** two men were found guilty and fined in the Federal Court in Pocatello, Idaho. One of them, when arrested, was carrying a bag containing 275 elk teeth, and had recently sold as many more. His forefinger was calloused from pulling the trigger. The carcasses of the dead elk were allowed to rot after the teeth were pulled. As to these men, this is, of course, merely an isolated example of depravity. No sort of ethical appeal can reach them. But how about that

#### VANDALISM

Order, whose agents they were, and which paid them \$10,000 for the teeth to use as ornaments and insignia? The Grand Exalted Ruler of that order has advised its members to discontinue the use of emblems that involve not only a violation of law but an outrage against sentiment, and the approaching convention at Philadelphia will do well to give emphatic sanction to that advice.

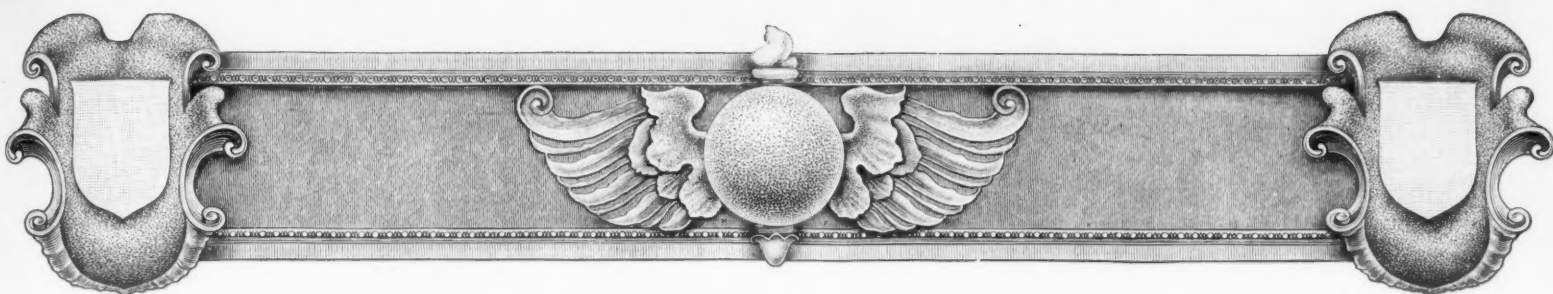
**IF THE MARS DAILY "JOURNAL"** should commission us to report for it the trend of the times upon this earth, we should note with emphasis, as a sign that things go well with men, the extent to which the advertising pages of this and other papers are occupied by Mr. KEITH's announcement of plans for houses that cost \$2,000, Mr. LOWE's description of the virtues of his house paint, Mr. GLIDDEN's Jap-a-lac, and the other articles which enter into the construction, adornment, or furnishing of homes. How many magazines, like "The Twentieth Century Home," "Homes and Gardens," "Suburban Life," and the kind have sprung up within the last few years, and how they seem to thrive! Not without a shrewd certainty that he meets a broad demand does Mr.

#### PROSPERITY

Bok fill his pages from month to month with minute directions "How to Build a Bungalow for \$1,500." There must be a vast amount of prosperity in this country, and the trusts must be missing a good deal of it which goes to men who are building \$2,000 houses and planting gardens of their own. There are few sounder elements of happiness possible to man than to water his own lawn with his own forty feet of hose. To such satisfaction as is afforded by the reflection that this sort of comfort is increasingly common in the United States, it is not necessary to add what thoughts may be appropriate to the official report from an American consul in Saxony that the butcher shops and markets of Germany last year disposed of 7,000 dogs and 182,000 horses.

**IN THE TALONS** of Sindbad's roc be transported for an instant to the Orient—to the desert just west of China. The Peking-Paris automobile race is on. Skimming across the tawny expanse observe the motor-car of one of the contestants, and within it, his pigtail flying out like a whiplash, the governor of this buried province. Thanks to the invitation of a foreign white-devil, he is taking a ride. From every hole and corner issue Mongolians on horseback, soldiers, herdsmen, types of every description. They form an indescribable cavalcade following the motor-car in wild disorder at a desperate gallop, disappearing, now and then, in the dust and tumbling tumultuously in the road. "To all appearances"—and can the correspondent, whom the "Sun" attributes to the London "Telegraph," be other than a Frenchman?—"a whole antiquity was following fero-





ciously that small, modern thing which fled in advance." Is it not, *mes enfants*, a quaint picture? When will there be an end to the daily wonders which this age of machinery brings? A New York woman, suing her husband for separation the other day, said: "He went up in a balloon and came down; then he went down in a submarine boat and came up. Then he sprawled out on the lounge and said: 'I've been as far above

#### THE MANDARIN AND THE MOTOR

there but atmosphere; as far under it as I could go, and there's nothing there but mud and water. There's nothing left in life for me.'" That was the case of too much mechanical magic. His poor imagination, dissipated by violent stimulants, had withered away and died. Most of us, happily, are not able to get enough of these magic machines to get over our wonder for them. Oughtn't we, as STEVENSON remarked, to be as happy as kings in a world so full of a number of things!

**GIRLS WHO GAVE NECKTIES** to men used to get into the joke papers. Now, no more. Since the notion of wearing knit ties came in a few years ago, the mightiest is not too proud to display such handiwork. And in this act is there not a quaint and charming symbolism? The tie, fashioned by innumerable delicate motions of soft fingers, represents in its final form almost a detached part of the lady herself. Mere thread + Her—that is the tie. And this resultant the man, a willing

#### DANGERS LURKING IN CRAVATS

slave, knots around his neck. Might not one almost say that that silken noose, which, minus what her hands have done, would be mere yarn, is indeed her hands. A noose—aye, there's the rub! For if once around one's neck, it is but a step from being caressed to being throttled in the relentless grip of the Superman. Each must decide for himself. As for us, we are willing to risk it, provided we get the tie. No, this is *not* fishing. A man used to have to ask his friends to send him knit ties from the other side. Now they may be picked up in every Broadway shop and are become almost vulgar.

**BEFORE DR. OSLER** says the last word about the antique and the useless, it might be well to inquire if longevity, as a habit, is increasing in the United States. There is no lack of Grand Old Men, of one sort or another, occupying the seats of the mighty. Mr. CANNON at seventy still stands with all the patness of boyhood, and Mr. ROCKEFELLER, who counts himself a young man, aspires to surpass the age of METHUSELAH in the doing of good works. Passing lightly over the celebrated longevity of the Senators from New York State, one might survey the country in general with a view to determining, if possible, what is the Old Age Centre of the United States. A hamlet not far from Philadelphia claims an average longevity of eighty-seven years, and can show the records of Old Pop

#### LONGEVITY CENTRES

TURNER, who lived to an age varying between 107 and 170, depending upon the sobriety and temperament of your guide. San Diego, California, puts in a claim to the longevity-banner under the plea that the climate is so healthful that people "just *can't* die" there. In a colony of New York Shakers, there is a collection of old people of fabulous, but unrecorded, age. A cowboy once claimed that SUN-UP SAM, a Piute Indian, was 139 years old, the oldest living man. "But how can you prove it?" asked a sceptic. "I've known that Injun for seven years, summer and winter," said the cowboy, "and he's been powerful old all that time." Although this editorial is based but slenderly on statistics, we should be seriously indebted to such readers of COLIER'S as, in a spirit of local pride, might tell us where the real Longevity Centre of the United States is to be found. The authentic record is held in England by Old PARR, who died in 1635 at the age of 152 and now occupies a niche in Westminster Abbey. Here is an athletic event worth trying for.

**FROM MOROCCO** comes the announcement that RAISULI, the bandit, driven forth from his native stronghold, has been offered a "huge" salary as an attraction on the European and American vaudeville stage. Is the rumor true? Perhaps. But what of it? RAISULI in vaudeville would be merely coming to

his own, claiming the just and honorable rewards of a career of painstaking notoriety. Vaudeville for RAISULI would merely denote commonplace, substantial success. Mrs. CHADWICK, JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, JAMES JEFFRIES have been made similar offers. Doubtless many a vaudeville manager has pondered hopelessly as to what amount might tempt Mr. HARRIMAN from monopoly to monologue. We seldom enter a concert hall without a titillating apprehension that Mr. LAWSON's name may appear conspicuously on the bill as "The Financial Firecracker in a Whirlwind Talk Against Time." Quietly, then, but with heartfelt encouragement, we are ready to welcome Mr. RAISULI into a broader field of art. Here may be gathered a sufficient income to shelter his days in a chaste obscurity, far from the madding Sunday supplement!

#### RAISULI IN VAUDEVILLE

**FOR MONEY, THE RELIGIOUS PAPERS** which carry patent-medicine advertisements prostitute their columns; when the balance of profit points the other way, they will clean their columns up. Here is one case where the means of reform is simple, sure, and direct. Mr. CHARLES HUGHES of Jellico, Tennessee, knows it. He sent this letter to the religious paper which has been coming to his family:

"The 'Christian Standard,' Cincinnati:

"GENTLEMEN—When my subscription to the 'Standard' expires, please discontinue same, as I do not care to subscribe or even read a paper that carries as many quack and fraudulent advertisements as the 'Christian Standard.' It is a pity that a paper supposed to be published in the interest of the Christian religion and for the bettering, the uplifting, and educating of the people should descend so low as to endorse and carry such advertisements. When you rid your columns of such trash, I will be glad to again become a reader of your paper. Very truly yours,

#### RELIGIOUS PAPERS

"CHARLES HUGHES."

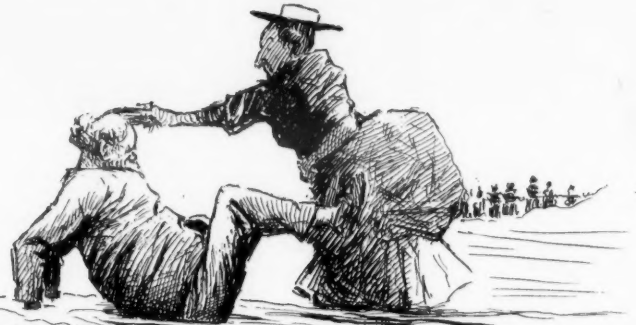
Conferences, synods, or such other religious organizations as have official supervision of offending papers, can supplement this method effectively; and even privately owned, free-lance religious papers would have a wholesome respect for a few winged words from the organizations to whose members they cater.

**THAT INGENIOUS AND WIDESPREAD FAKE**, the "Viavi" system of "curing" disease, came in for a vigorous harrowing recently at the hands of the "California State Journal of Medicine." Now, it has been the distinction of "Viavi," that it does not advertise in the papers, but spreads its fraudulent doctrines among womankind, by "lectures," "addresses," and a system of personal visits by "Viavi" representatives, who, to a lay mind, appear to be practising medicine without a license, since they prescribe "Viavi" medicines or "Viavi" treatment for pretty much everything from heart disease to freckles. Upon the publication of the medical journal's article, however, a change came o'er the spirit of the "Viavi" dream. The Law Brothers, proprietors of "Viavi," who have grown rich and influential from the money of their dupes, live in San Francisco, where the "California State Journal of Medicine" is published. Their feelings were harrowed, particularly as one daily newspaper, and one weekly in their own city, gave some space to the attack upon their business. Immediately they rushed into print. To reply to the attack? To refute the charges? Not at all. It was not that kind of print. Their method was to buy advertising space, and insert huge advertisements in all the local papers. Result: A complete silence thereafter, as regards the "Viavi" matter, except that the offending daily which had already referred to the medical article printed later a pleasant and complimentary little "write-up" about the LAWS and their enterprise. Yet, we presume, the LAWS would indignantly deny that they had bribed the newspapers into silence, and the newspapers would even more indignantly deny having been bribed. We can swallow a coincidence as raw as any one else, but the coincidence of a concern that hasn't advertised for years, suddenly flaming into print at a considerable outlay, immediately following an attack upon its methods, is too great a tax upon our faith. Long since the Proprietary Association of America has shown the inner workings of that method. "Viavi" has merely adapted the "Red Clause" method to its own needs.

#### SILENCE AT A PRICE



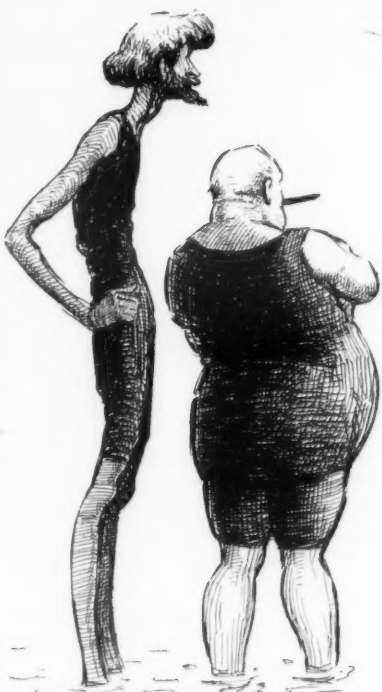
Aunt's first "dip"



A bit of under tow



Some varieties of sea grass



Curves of Beauty



"Come out, Tommy, until it stops raining"

Kemble

## SEA SIGHTS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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# THE CAPITAL OF THE CONGO

*Boma, a God-forsaken seat of government, from which the collectors of rubber for King Leopold are sent to rake over a million square miles of territory*

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR. COPYRIGHT 1907 BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

STANLEY FALLS, CONGO FREE STATE

FROM what I had read of the Congo I expected a broad sweep of muddy, malaria-breeding water, lined by low-lying swamp lands, gloomy, monotonous, depressing.

But on the way to Boma and, later, when I traveled on the Upper Congo, I thought the river more beautiful than any great river I had ever seen. It was full of wonderful surprises. Sometimes it ran between palm-covered banks of yellow sand as low as those of the Mississippi or the Nile; and again, in half an hour, the banks were rock and as heavily wooded as the mountains of Montana, or as white and bold as the cliffs of Dover, or we passed between great hills covered with what looked like giant oaks, and with their peaks hidden in the clouds. I found it like no other river, because in some one particular it was like them all. Between Banana and Boma the banks first screened us in with the tangled jungle of the tropics, and then opened up great windswept plateaux, leading to hills that suggested—of all places—England, and, at that, cultivated England. The contour of the hills, the shape of the trees, the shade of their green contrasted with the green of the grass, were like only the cliffs above Plymouth. One did not look for native kraals and the wild antelope, but for the square, ivy-topped tower of the village church, the loaf-shaped haystacks, slow-moving masses of sheep. But this that looks like a pasture land is only coarse limestone covered with bitter, unnutritious grass, by which benefits neither beast nor man.

At sunset we anchored in the current three miles from Boma, and at daybreak we tied up to the iron wharf. As the capital of the Government Boma contains the residence and gardens of the Governor, who is the personal representative of Leopold, both as a shopkeeper and as a king, by divine right. He is a figurehead. The real administrator is M. Vandamme, the Secrétaire-Général, the ubiquitous, the mysterious, whose name before you leave Southampton is in the air, of whom all men, whether they speak in French or English, speak well. It is from Boma that M. Vandamme sends collectors of rubber, politely labeled inspectors, directeurs, judges, capitaines, and sous-lieutenants to their posts, and distributes them over one million square miles.

Boma is the capital of a country which is as large as six nations of the European continent. For twenty-five years it has been the capital. Therefore, the reader already guesses that Boma has only one wharf, and at that wharf there is no custom-house, no warehouse, not

even a canvas awning under which, during the six months of rainy season, one might seek shelter for himself and his baggage.

Our debarkation reminded me of a landing of filibusters. A wharf forty yards long led from the steamer to the bank. Down this marched the officers of the army, the clerks, the bookkeepers, and on the bank and in the street each dumped his boxes, his sword, his camp-bed, his full-dress helmet. It looked as though a huge eviction had taken place. As though a retreating army, having gained the river's edge, were waiting for

tained. Boma is the shop window of Leopold's big store. The good features of Boma are like those attractive articles one sometimes sees in a shop window, but which one fails to find in the shop—at least, I did not find them in the shop. Outside of Boma I looked in vain for a school conducted by the State, like the one at Boma, such as those the United States Government gave by the hundred to the Philippines. I found not one. And I looked for such a hospital as the one I saw at Boma, such as our Government has placed for its employees along, and at both ends of, the Isthmus of Panama, and, except for the one at Leopoldville, I saw none.

In spite of the fact that Boma is a "European watering-place," all the servants of the State with whom I talked wanted to get away from it, especially those who already had served in the interior. To appreciate what Boma lacks one has only to visit the neighboring seaports on the same coast; the English towns of Sierra Leone and Calabar, the French town of Libreville in the French Congo, the German seaport Duala in the Cameroons, but especially Calabar in Southern Nigeria. In actual existence the new Calabar is eight years younger than Boma, and in its municipal government, its street-making, cleaning, and lighting, wharfs, barracks, prisons, hospitals, it is a hundred years in advance. Boma is not a capital; it is the distributing factory for a huge trading concern, and a particularly selfish one. There is, as I have said, only one wharf, and at that wharf, without paying the State, only State boats may discharge cargo, so the En-

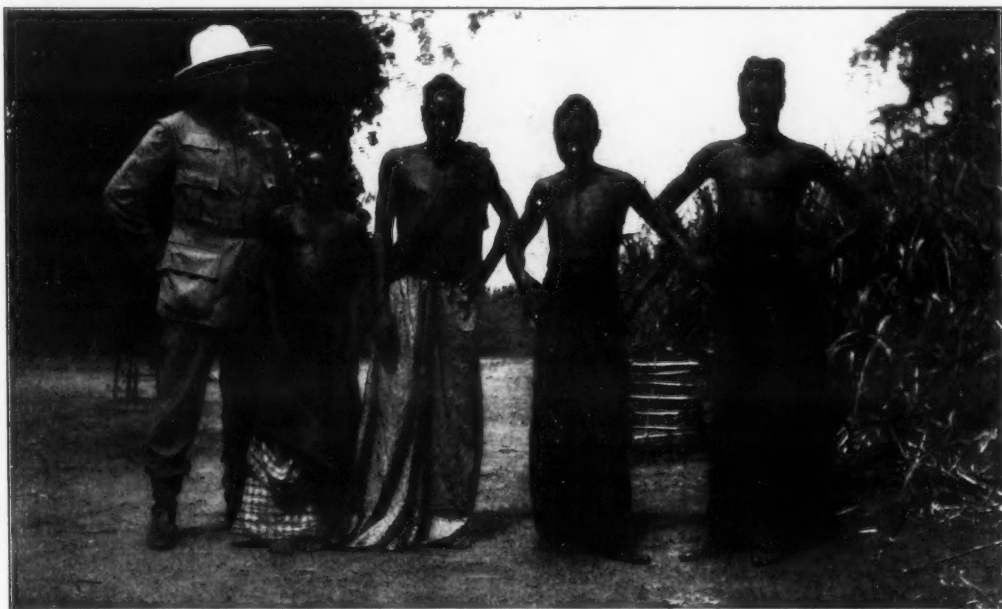
glish, Dutch, and German boats are forced to "tie up" along the river front. There the grass is eight feet high and breeds mosquitoes and malaria, and conceals the wary crocodile. At night, from the deck of the steamer, all one can see of this capital is a fringe of this high grass in the light from the air ports, and on shore three gas-lamps. No cafés are open, no sailors carouse, no lighted window suggests that some one is giving a dinner, that some one is playing bridge. Darkness, gloom, silence mark this "European watering-place."

"You ask me," demanded a Belgian lieutenant one night as we stood together by the rail, "whether I like better the bush, where there is no white man in a hundred miles, or to be stationed at Boma?"

He threw out his hands at the solitary gas-lamps, rapidly he pointed at each of them in turn.

"Voilà, Boma!" he said.

From Boma we steamed six hours farther up the river to Matadi. On the way we stopped at Noqui,



MR. DAVIS, AND SOME "WOOD BOYS" OF THE UPPER CONGO

Twenty of these black assistants were required to furnish fuel for a river steamer sixty-five feet in length

a transport. It was not as though to the Government the coming of these gentlemen was a complete surprise; regularly every three weeks at that exact spot a like number disembark. But in years the State has not found it worth while to erect for them even an open zinc shed. The cargo invoiced to the State is given equal consideration.

"Prisoners of the State," each wearing round his neck a steel ring from which a chain stretches to the ring of another "prisoner," carried the cargo to the open street, where lay the luggage of the officers, and there dropped it. Mingled with steamer chairs, tin bathtubs, gun-cases, were great crates of sheet iron, green boxes of gin, bags of Teneriffe potatoes, boilers of an engine. Upon the scene the sun beat with vicious, cruel persistence. Those officers who had already served in the Congo dropped their belongings under the shadow of a solitary tree. Those who for the first time were seeing the capital of the country they had sworn to serve sank upon their boxes and, with dismay in their eyes, mopped their red and dripping brows.

Boma is built at the foot of a hill of red soil. It is a town of scattered buildings made of wood and sheet-iron plates, sent out in crates, and held together with screws. To Boma nature has been considerate. She has contributed many trees, two or three long avenues of palms, and in the many gardens caused flowers to blossom and flourish. In the report of the "Commission of Enquiry" which Leopold was forced to send out in 1904 to investigate the atrocities, and each member of which, for his four months' work, received \$20,000, Boma is described as possessing "the daintiness and *chic* of a European watering-place."

Congo's Capital, Trader Leopold's Shop-Window

BOMA really is like a seaport of one of the Central American republics. It has a temporary, sufficient-to-the-day-for-to-morrow-we-die air. It looks like a military post that at any moment might be abandoned. To remove this impression, the State has certain exhibits which seem to point to a stable and good government. There is a well-conducted hospital and clean, well-built barracks; for the amusement of the black soldiers even a theatre, and for the higher officials attractive bungalows, a bandstand, where twice a week a negro band plays by ear, and plays exceedingly well. There is even a lawn-tennis court, where strangers are welcomed, and, by the courteous Mr. Vandamme, who plays tennis as well as he does everything else, enter-



Native policemen guarding the luggage of Belgian officers, dumped on the beach at Leopoldville. There are no wharfs



Selling kwango, the native bread of the Congo, at the railroad stations on the long, slow journey up from Boma

the home of Portuguese traders on the Portuguese bank, which, going up-stream, lies to starboard. Here the current runs at from four to five miles an hour, and has so sharply cut away the bank that we are able to run as near to it with the stern of our big ship as though she were a canoe. To one used more to ocean than to Congo traffic it was somewhat bewildering to see the five-thousand-ton steamer make fast to a tree, a sand-bank looming up three fathoms off her quarter, and the blades of her propeller, as though they were the knives of a lawn-mower, cutting the tough eel-grass.

At Matadi the Congo makes one of her lightning changes. Her banks, which have been low and woody, with, on the Portuguese side, glimpses of boundless plateaux, become towering hills of rock. At Matadi the cataracts and rapids begin, and for two hundred miles continue to Stanley Pool, which is the beginning of the Upper Congo. Leopoldville is situated on Stanley Pool, just to the right of where the rapids start their race to the east. With Leopoldville above and Boma below, still nearer the mouth of the river, Matadi makes a centre link in the chain of the three important towns of the Lower Congo.

When Henry M. Stanley was halted by the



A white woman, rare as exact justice, landing at Banana, the port at the mouth of the Congo

cataracts and forced to leave the river he disembarked his expedition on the bank opposite Matadi, and a mile farther up-stream. It was from this point he dragged and hauled his boats, until he again reached smooth water at Stanley Pool. The wagons on which he carried the boats still can be seen lying on the bank, broken and rusty. They give one a big thrill; like the sight of old gun carriages and dismantled cannon. Now, on the bank opposite from where they lie, the railroad runs from Matadi to Leopoldville.

#### Matadi, a Tribute to Stanley

THE Congo forces upon one a great admiration for Stanley. Unless civilization utterly alters it, it must always be a monument to his courage, and as you travel farther and see the difficulties placed in his way, your admiration increases. There are men here who make little of what Stanley accomplished; but they are men who seldom leave their own compound, and, when they do go up the river, travel at ease, not in a canoe, nor on foot through the jungle, but in the smoking-room of the steamer and in a first-class railroad carriage. That they are able so to travel is due to the man they would belittle. The nickname given to Stanley by the natives is to-day the nickname of the Government. Matadi means rock. When Stanley reached the town of Matadi, which is surrounded entirely by rock, he began with dynamite to blast roads for his caravan. The natives called him Bula Matadi, the Breaker of Rocks, and, as in those days he was the Government, the Law, and the Prophets, Bula Matadi, who then was the white man who governed, now signifies the white man's government. But it is a very different government, and a very different white man. With the natives the word is universal. They say "Bula Matadi wood post." "Not traders' chop, Bula Matadi's chop." "Him no missionary steamer, him Bula Matadi steamer."

The town of Matadi is of importance as the place where, owing to the rapids, passengers and cargoes are reshipped on the railroad to the *haut Congo*. It is a railroad terminus only, and it looks it. The railroad station and storehouses are close to the river bank, and, spread over several acres of cinders, is the railroad yard and machine shops. Above those buildings of hot corrugated zinc and the black soil rises a great rock. It is not so large as Gibraltar, nor so high as the Flatiron Building, but it is a little more steep than either. Three narrow streets lead to its top. They are of flat stones, with cement gutters. The stones radiate the heat of stove lids. They are worn to a mirror-like smoothness, and from their surface the sun strikes between your eyes, at the pit of your stomach, and blisters the soles of your mosquito boots. The three streets lead to a parade ground no larger and as bare as a brick-yard. It is surrounded by the buildings of Bula Matadi, the post-office, the custom-

house, the barracks, and the Café Franco-Belge. It has a table-land fifty yards wide of yellow clay, so beaten by thousands of naked feet, so baked by the heat, that it is as hard as a brass shield. Other table-lands may be higher, but this is the one nearest the sun. You cross it warily, in short rushes, with your heart in your throat, and seeking shade, as a man crossing the zone of fire seeks cover from the bullets. When you reach the cool, dirty custom-house, with walls two feet thick, you congratulate yourself on your escape; you look back into the blaze of the flaming plaza and wonder if you have the courage to return.

At the custom-house I paid duty on articles I could



#### IN HONOR OF KING LEOPOLD

This pillar, with a bust of the King of Belgium at the base, and a dancing Bacchante, dubbed *Cléo de Mérode* by a student of recent history, is a conspicuous ornament in Stanley Park, Leopoldville. The State built it, but has utterly neglected to provide wharfs

not possibly have bought anywhere in the Congo, as, for instance, a tent and a folding-bed, and for a license to carry arms. A young man with a hammer and tiny branding irons beat little stars and the number of my license to *porte d'armes* on the stock of each weapon. Without permission of Bula Matadi, on leaving the Congo, I can not sell any of these guns or give them away. This is a precaution to prevent weapons falling into the hands of the native. For some reason a native with a gun alarms Bula Matadi. Just on the other bank of the river the French, who do not seem to fear the black brother, sell him flint-lock rifles, as many as his heart desires.

#### Chasing "Fanny" Across the Blazing Plaza

ON the steamer there was a mild young missionary coming out, for the first time, to whom some unobserving friend had given a fox-terrier. The young man did not care for the dog. He had never owned a dog, and did not know what to do with this one. Her name was "Fanny," and only by the efforts of all on board did she reach the Congo alive. There was no one, from the butcher to the captain, nor no passenger, who had not shielded Fanny from the cold, and later from the sun, fed her, bathed her, forced medicine down her throat, and raced her up and down the spar deck. Consequently we all knew Fanny, and it was a great shock when from the custom-house I saw her running around the blazing parade ground, her eyes filled with fear and "lost dog" written all over her, from her drooping tongue to her drooping tail. Cap-

tain Burton and I called "Fanny," and, not seeking suicide for ourselves, sent half a dozen black boys to catch her. But Fanny never liked her black uncles; on the steamer the Kroo boys learned to give her the length of her chain, and so we were forced to plunge into the valley of heat to her rescue. Perhaps she thought we were going to lock her up again on the steamer, or perhaps that it was a friendly game, for she ran from us as fast as from the black boys. In Matadi no one ever had crossed the parade ground except at a funeral march, and the spectacle of two large white men playing tag with a small fox-terrier attracted an immense audience. The officials and clerks left work and peered between the iron-barred windows, the "prisoners" in chains ceased breaking rock and stared dumbly, from the barracks the black "sentries" shrieked and gesticulated, the naked bush boys, in from a long caravan journey, rose from the side of their burdens and commented upon our manoeuvres in gloomy, guttural tones. I suspect they thought we wanted Fanny for "chop." Finally Fanny ran into the legs of a German trader, who grabbed her by the neck and held her up to us.

"You want him? Hey?" he shouted.



"Bush" Boys in the square at Matadi, seeking shelter from the fierce heat of the sun

"Ay, man," gasped Burton, now quite purple, "did you think we were trying to amuse the dog?"

I made a leash of my belt, and the captain returned to the ship dragging his prisoner after him. An hour later I met the youthful missionary leading Fanny by a rope.

"I must tell you about Fanny," he cried. "After I took her to the Mission I forgot to tie her up—as I suppose I should have done—and she ran away. But, would you believe it, she found her way straight back to the ship. Was it not intelligent of her?"

I was too far gone with apoplexy, heat prostration, and sunstroke to make any answer, at least one that I could make to a missionary.

#### By Rail to Leopoldville

THE next morning Fanny, the young missionary, and I left for Leopoldville on the railroad. It is a narrow-gauge railroad built near Matadi through the solid rock and later twisting and turning so often that at many places one can see the track on three different levels. It is not a "State" road, but was built and is owned by a Dutch company, and, except that it charges exorbitant rates and does not keep its carriages clean, it is well run, and the roadbed is excellent. But it runs a passenger train only three times a week, and though the distance is so short, and though the train starts at 6:30 in the morning, it does not get you to Leopoldville the same day. Instead, you must rest over night at Thyssville and start at seven the next morning. You reach Leopoldville at three in the afternoon. For the two hundred and fifty miles the fare is two hundred francs, and one is limited to sixty pounds of luggage. That was the weight allowed by the Japanese to each war correspondent, and as they gave us six months in Tokio in which to do nothing else but weigh out equipment, I left Matadi without a penalty. Had my luggage exceeded the limit, for each extra pound I would have had to pay the company ten cents. To the Belgian officers and agents who go for three years to serve the State in the Bush the regulation is especially harsh, and in a company so rich, particularly mean. To many a poor officer, and on the pay they receive there are no rich ones, the tax is prohibitive. It forces them to leave behind medicines, clothing, photographic supplies, all ammunition, which means no chance of helping out with duck and pigeon the daily menu of goat and tinned sausages, and, what is the greatest hardship, all books. This regulation, which the State permitted to the concessionaires of the railroad, sends the agents of the State into the wilderness physically and mentally unequipped, and it's no wonder the weaker brothers go mad, and act accordingly.

My black boys traveled second-class, which means an open car with narrow seats very close together and a wooden roof. On these cars passengers are allowed twenty pounds of luggage and permitted to collect two



hundred and fifty miles of heat and dust. To a black boy twenty pounds is little enough, for he travels with much more baggage than an average "blanc." I am not speaking of the Congo boy. All the possessions the "State" leaves him he could carry in his pockets, and he has no pockets. But wherever he goes the Kroo boy, Mendi boy, or Sierra Leone boy carries all his belongings with him in a tin trunk painted pink, green, or yellow. He is never separated from his "box," and the recognized uniform of a Kroo boy at work is his breechcloth and, hanging from a ribbon around his knee, the key to his box. If a boy has no box he generally carries three keys.

In the first-class car were three French officers en route to Brazzaville, the capital of the French Congo, and a dog, a sad mongrel, very dirty, very hungry. On each side of the tiny toy car were six revolving-chairs, so the four men, not to speak of the dog, quite filled it. And to our own bulk each added hand-bags, cases of beer, helmets, gun-cases, cameras, water-bottles, and, as the road does not supply food of any kind, his chop-box. A chop-box is anything that holds food, and for food of every kind, for the hours of feeding, and the verb "to feed," on the West Coast, the only word, the "lazy" word, is "chop."

#### The Last Bit of Ice on the Congo

THE absent-minded young missionary, with Fanny jammed between his ankles, and looking out miserably upon the world, and two other young missionaries, traveled second-class. They were even more crowded together than were we, but not so much with luggage as with humanity. But as a protest against the high charges of the railroad the missionaries always travel in the open car. These three young men were for the first time out of England, and in any fashion were glad to start on their long journey up the Congo to Bolobo. To them whatever happened was a joke. It was a joke even when the colored "wife" of one of the French officers used the broad shoulders of one of them as a pillow and slept sweetly. She was a large, good-natured, good-looking negress, and at the frequent stations the French officer ran back to her with "white man's chop," a tin of sausages, a pineapple, a bottle of beer. She drank the beer from the bottle, and with religious tolerance offered it to the Baptists. They assured her without the least regret they were teetotallers. To the other blacks in the open car the sight of a white man waiting on one of their own people was a thrilling spectacle. They regarded the woman who could command such services with respect. It would be interesting to know what they thought of the white man. At each station the open car disgorged its occupants to fill the beer bottle each carried with water, and to buy from the natives kwango, the black man's bread, a flaky, sticky flour that tastes like boiled chestnuts; and pineapples at a franc for ten. And such pineapples! not hard and rubber-like, as we know them at home, but delicious, juicy, melting in the mouth like hothouse grapes, and, also, after each mouthful, making a complete bath necessary. One of the French officers had a lump of ice which he broke into pieces and divided with the others. They saluted magnificently many times, and as each drowned the morsel in his tin cup of beer, one of them cried with perfect simplicity: "C'est Paris!" This reminded me that the ship's steward had placed much ice in my chop basket, and I carried some of it to another car in which were five of the White Sisters. For nineteen days I had been with them on the steamer, but they had spoken to no one, and I was doubtful how they would accept my offering. But the Mother Superior gave permission, and they took the ice in through the car window, their white hoods bristling with the excitement of the adventure. They were on their way to a post still two months' journey up the river, nearly to Lake Tanganyika, and for three years that was the last ice they would see.

At Bongolo Station the Division Superintendent came in the car and everybody offered him refreshment, and in return he told us, in the hope of interesting us, of a washout, and then casually mentioned that an hour before an elephant had blocked the track. It seemed so much too good to be true that I may have expressed some doubt, for he said: "Why, of course and certainly. Already this morning one was at Sariski Station and another at Sipeto." And instead of looking out of the window I had been reading an American magazine, filched from the smoking-room, and which was one year old! In a few months at Thysville the railroad will have opened a hotel, but now it turns you out bag and baggage to hunt for a night's shelter. The French officers decided to risk a Portuguese trading store known as the "Ideal Hotel," and the missionaries very kindly gave me the freedom of their Rest House. It is kept open for those of the Mission who pass between the Upper and Lower Congo. At the station the young missionaries were met by two older men missionaries—Mr. Weekes, who furnished the

"Commission of Enquiry" with much evidence, which they would not, or were not allowed to, print, and Mr. Jennings. With them were twenty "boys" from the Mission, and with each of them carrying a piece of our baggage on his head we climbed the hill, and I was given a clean, comfortable, completely appointed bedroom. Our combined chop we turned over to a black brother. He is the custodian of the Rest House and an excellent cook. While he was preparing it

had been witnesses. Already in Mr. Morel's books I had read their testimony, but hearing from the men themselves the tales of outrage and cruelty gave them a fresh and more intimate value, and sent me to bed hot and sick with indignation. But nevertheless, the night I slept at Thysville was the only cool one I knew in the Congo. It was as cool as a night in autumn at home. Thysville, between the Upper and the Lower Congo, with its fresh mountain air, is an obvious site for a hospital for the servants of the State. It should be for the Congo what Simla is for the sick men of India; but the "State" is not running hospitals. It is in the rubber business.

All steamers for the Upper Congo and her great tributaries, whether they belong to the State or the Missions, start from Leopoldville. There they fit out for voyages, some of which last three and four months. So it is a place of importance, but, like Boma, it looks as though the people who built it yesterday meant to move out tomorrow. The river-front is one long dump-heap. It is a graveyard for rusty boilers, deck-plates, chains, fire-bars. The interior of the principal storehouse for ships' supplies, directly in front of the office of the captain of the port, looks like a junk-shop for old iron and newspapers. I would have enjoyed taking the captain of the port by the neck and showing him the water-front and marine shops at Calabar; the wharfs and quays of stone, the gravel open places, the whitewashed cement gutters, the spare parts of machinery, greased and labeled in their proper shelves, even the condemned scrap-iron in orderly piles; the whole yard is trim as a battleship.

#### Leopoldville, the Contradictory

ON the river-front at Leopoldville a grossly fat man, collarless, coatless, purple-faced, perspiring, was rushing up and down shrieking. He was the captain of the port. Black women had assembled to greet returning black soldiers, and the captain was calling upon the black sentries to drive them away. The sentries, yelling, fell upon the women with their six-foot staves and beat them over the head and bare shoulders, and as they fled, screaming, the captain of the port danced in the sun, shaking his fists after them and raging violently. Next morning I was told he had tried to calm his nerves with absinthe, which is not particularly good for nerves, and was exceedingly unwell. I was sorry for him. The picture of discipline afforded by the glazed-eyed official, reeling and cursing in the open street, had been illuminating.

Although at Leopoldville the State has failed to build wharfs, the esthetic features of the town have not been neglected, and there has been laid out a pretty plaza called Stanley Park. In the centre of this plaza is a pillar with, at its base, a bust of Leopold, and on the top of the pillar a plaster-of-Paris lady, nude, and, like MacMonnies's bacchante, dancing on one leg. Not so much from the likeness as from history, I deduced the lady must be Cléo de Mérode. But whether the monument is erected to her or to Leopold, or to both of them, the inscription does not say.

I left Leopoldville in the *Deliverance*. Some of the State boats that make the long trip to Stanleyville are very large ships. They have plenty of deck room and many cabins. With their flat, raft-like hull, their paddle-wheel astern, and the covered sun deck, they resemble gigantic house-boats. Of one of these boats the *Deliverance* was only one-third the size, but I took passage on her because she would give me a chance not only to see something of the Congo, but also one of its great tributaries, the less traveled Kasai. The *Deliverance* was about sixty-five feet over all and drew three feet of water. She was built like a mud-scow, with a deck of iron plates. Amidships, on this deck, was a tiny cabin with berths for two passengers and standing room for one. The furnaces and boiler were forward, banked by piles of wood. All the river boats burn only wood. Her engines were in the stern. These engines and the driving rod to the paddle-wheel were uncovered. This gives the *Deliverance* the look of a large automobile without a tonneau. You were constantly wondering what had gone wrong with the carburetor, and if it rained what would happen to her engines. Supported on iron posts was an upper deck, on which, forward, stood the captain's box of a cabin and directly in front of it the steering-wheel. The telegraph, which signaled to the openwork engine below, and a dining table as small as a chess-board, completely filled the "bridge." When we sat at table the captain's boy could only just squeeze himself between us and the rail. It was like dining in a private box. And certainly no theatre ever offered such scenery, nor no menagerie ever presented so many strange animals.

We were four white men: Captain Jensen, the engineer, and the other passenger, Captain Anfossi, a young Italian. Before he reached his post he had to travel one month on the *Deliverance* and for another month walk through the jungle. He was the most cheerful and amusing companion, and had he



STATE PRISONERS IN CHAINS AT MATADI

The heat of the stone-paved road leading up to the baked plaza strikes at the pit of a white man's stomach, and scorches his boot-soles

my boys spread out my folding rubber tub. Had I closed the door I would have smothered, so, in the presence of twenty interested black Baptists, I took one of the most embarrassing but necessary baths I can remember.

There still was some of the ice remaining, and as the interest in the bathtub had begun to drag I handed it to one of my audience. He yelled as though I had thrust into his hand a drop of vitriol, and, leaping in the air, threw the ice on the floor and dared any one to touch it. From the "personal" boys who had traveled to Matadi the Mission boys had heard of ice. But none had ever seen it. They approached it as we would a rattlesnake. Each touched it and then sprang away. Finally one, his eyes starting from his head, cautiously stroked the inoffensive brick and then licked his fingers. The effect was instantaneous. He assured the others it was "good chop," and each of them sat hunched about it on his heels, stroking it, and licking his fingers, and then with delighted thrills rubbing them over his naked body. The little block of ice that at Liverpool was only a "quart of water" had assumed the value of a diamond.

#### After-dinner Truths About Leopold's Congo Rule

DINNER was enlivened by an incident. Mr. Weekes, with orders simply to "Fry these," had given to the assistant of the cook two tins of sausages. The small chef presented them to us in the pan in which he had cooked them, but he had obeyed instructions to the letter and had fried the tins unopened.

After dinner we sat until late, while the older men told the young missionaries of atrocities of which, in the twenty years and within the last three years, they



NATIVE WOMEN AT A WOOD POST ON THE UPPER CONGO

The river boats tie up at dusk, and the blacks sleep on shore. Women make camp, and take part in the tom-tom dances that, after the iron food-pots are emptied, last far into the night



# THE REAL MR. FAIRBANKS

PART II.—THE UNMENTIONED YEARS. (Continuing the review of "The Life and Speeches of Charles Warren Fairbanks," an official biography by William Henry Smith)

By GILSON GARDNER

**Y**OUNG Fairbanks rose. From a poor farmer boy he rose in twenty years to be a four-times millionaire. Upon the details of this rise the official biographer is silent. With a puff and a platitude he dismisses the period between Fairbanks's admission to the bar, at the age of twenty-four, and his election to the Senate, at the age of forty-five.

William Henry Smith says simply that the rise was "step by step," and adds a clue for ambitious youth: He went into his cases "depending on the law and equity rather than on any chicanery or tricks."

Here the chapter ends. "It would be pleasant," the author says, "to indulge in reminiscence and fill a few pages with anecdote connected with his legal practise; but the reader can not be indulged in that respect." It is easy to guess why William Henry Smith found it impossible to give himself the pleasure of the reminiscences and anecdotes which are so conspicuously absent from those "few pages" of his work. To "reminisce," and at the same time avoid the use of the word railroad, would be like walking a tight-rope without touching the rope. For Mr. Fairbanks had no practise in the law except that which had to do with railroads; and it was a part of the biographer's instructions—given or implied—to avoid the use of that word.

At the age of twenty-four Fairbanks was poor. We have his own word for it. The hired biographer reiterates it, reinforces it, says nothing else for half a volume. At the age of forty-four Fairbanks was rich; rich enough to think of a Senatorship to stick as a ribbon on his coat—rich enough to pay \$50,000 for the honor.

Whence came the money? What was the Midas wand? What is the story of those twenty years? Of the first ten years? Of his first big stake?

An uncle's influence gave Fairbanks the opportunity—a position as attorney for the bankrupt Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railroad at a salary of \$5,000 a year. The road had litigation, and Mr. Fairbanks made his record as a lawyer. He began, also, to make money; and from that time on Fairbanks the lawyer, Fairbanks the speculator, and Fairbanks the manipulator in railroads were indivisible and inseparable.

Out in Indiana the case is remembered thus: The Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western was in the receiver's hands and bankrupt. On the one hand, it owed money to its engineers, brakemen, and conductors, and to contractors and merchants for coal, oil, and ties. On the other hand, it owed interest on its bonds to bankers in Wall Street. The money which the receiver was taking in from day to day might be used to pay the wages of the laborers—or it might be sent to Wall Street. Possibly it is no reflection on Mr. Fairbanks that he elected to pay the interest on the bonds. Every lawyer knows now that the receipts ought to have gone first to the laborers; later, if any were left, to the bondholders. But possibly the law was not so well settled then.

## The First Receivership

**T**O the laborers and contractors were given bits of paper, mere I. O. U's, locally known as "receiver's certificates" and "wage checks." The laborers, for the most part, passed their checks over the counters of country grocery stores at such discounts as the grocers cared to give; holders of bankrupt papers can not be choosers. The contractors and merchants tried in vain to get any actual money on them. The money which came in for carrying freight and passengers continued to be paid by the receiver as interest to the gentlemen in New York who held the railroad's bonds. The wage checks were bandied about among the shysters, at prices ranging from thirty-five to forty-five cents on the dollar. Meantime, the local circuit judge had held that such certificates were just and binding claims on the first money taken in by the railroad, and that it was wrong to divert such funds to pay interest on the bonds. But young Mr. Fairbanks advised the receiver to disregard this decision, and for seven years he fought the claims by every delay known to the courts. Finally, two judges confirmed the decision of the first judge, and ordered that the wage claims be paid. But the receiver, advised by Fairbanks, refused and took an appeal to the Supreme Court. That appeal was never prosecuted. Without warning or apparent reason it was dismissed, and the receiver paid face value of the claims—to whom? Not to the laborers, but mainly to a syndicate of New York gentlemen who had gathered in the wage checks at a small percentage of their face value.

History, in this case, does not rely wholly upon common report nor yet upon loose and fading memory. There are court records for it. The claims accrued in 1874. Judge Drummond, sitting in the United States Circuit Court, rendered the first decision, following an old rule in admiralty law that claims for wages and supplies must be paid first in order that a road may be maintained as a "going concern." On October 31, 1881, Judges Drummond and Gresham (the latter afterward



ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

Secretary of State under Cleveland) issued the second decree, saying among other things: "The earnings of the said Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western, that ought to have been applied to the several claims hereinafter referred to, were diverted to the payment of interest upon the bonded indebtedness to the amount of \$587,000."

Charles W. Smith, Mr. Fairbanks's uncle, the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York, Josiah B. Blossom, and others were the intervening petitioners of record in the second trial of this suit. They also appear as petitioners in the appeal to the Supreme Court. It is a notable fact that the appeal bond in this case was signed by Charles Warren Fairbanks and a man named Campbell. In other words, Mr. Fairbanks appears as making common cause with the Wall Street interest in resisting a Federal Court decree directing the payment of labor and supply claims seven years overdue on a road for which he was the receiver's attorney.

What was the object in gaining two years of delay through this dummy appeal to the Supreme Court? I leave that, like other problems in speculative psychology, to the field of conjecture; I state but the facts. Somehow, the pool which gathered in these claims, during the two years when the appeal lay fallow, stood in such relations to the receiver of the road that they knew just where the bits of papers were held. A number of young lawyers in Indianapolis were paid a commission of eight per cent to go out and buy in these claims. They appear upon the court records as assignees for the claims; there is no official record of any member of that speculative pool. But the lawyer whose name appears upon the records as the heaviest assignee of these claims was employed at that time in the office of Charles Warren Fairbanks.

## Mr. Fairbanks as a Railroad Financier

**T**HERE is nothing of all this in that Chapter II, entitled "Success as a Lawyer," unless it be the sincere assurance that Mr. Fairbanks went into court "depending on the law and equity rather than on any chicanery or tricks," for "he had nothing of these elements in his make-up."

Much of that anecdotal materia, of which Biographer Smith regrets the lack clusters about Mr. Fairbanks's career as a railroad manipulator.

A "reminiscence" which might have adorned the omitted pages recalls the purchase by Mr. Fairbanks,

Austin Corbin, and other New York associates of a little piece of road—the Danville, Olney & Ohio River Railway—at a receiver's sale. They bought it for \$250,000; they used it as the basis for an issue of \$1,500,000 in securities, of which half were preferred bonds and half income bonds. That little flier in "high finance" served as a practise stunt for other more weighty operations to come.

No cluster of anecdotes covering this period would have been complete without reference to "Napoleon" Ives and the deals which involved Fairbanks and Ives as joint promoters. One might chat pleasantly, too, of his relations with Jay Gould. Gossip of that period would tell the means by which Mr. Fairbanks became president of the Terre Haute and Peoria Railway, and of a coal road running from St. Louis to southern Illinois. It would linger on the opening leading to his connection with the Ohio Southern, of which he became vice-president. It would throw light on the manner in which he acquired large holdings in the bonds of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. It would include interesting anecdotes about that remarkable fee which Mr. Fairbanks drew for adjusting certain conflicting claims of the Cincinnati Southern, now the Queen and Crescent.

The gossip of this period would include some reference to Mr. Fairbanks's appearance as a lobbyist before the Ohio State Legislature—first made necessary, no doubt, by his activities in Ohio Southern. That chapter is fertile in reminiscence. Those in touch with the receivership of the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western found the subject most interesting. Indeed, it was the theme of a paper read by W. P. Fishbeck, an Examiner in Chancery employed to pass on certain Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western receiver's certificates, before the Indianapolis Literary Club. The text of that paper would fill many a chink in Mr. Fairbanks's biography. An old associate could have told William Henry Smith that Mr. Fairbanks, in conjunction with certain other high financiers, bought the Dayton & Ironton Railroad, in southern Illinois, at a nominal price, and sold it to the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. Later years saw Mr. Fairbanks a heavy stock and bond holder in Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, and its general counsel. And the unwritten chapter of Smith might have concluded with Mr. Fairbanks happily installed as a representative and ally of J. Pierpont Morgan in the Middle West; a man of wealth and a certain sort of fame. These are some of the "reminiscences" and "anecdotes" omitted by the hired biographer from that "Life and Speeches," which contains the picture of the log-cabin which Mr. Fairbanks was not born in, but fails utterly to record the railroad receiverships and manipulations in which he did grow rich.

## Fairbanks and Union Labor

**I**F it seems that Mr. Fairbanks's activity as a railroad lawyer and manipulator is here dwelt upon with tedious detail, let it be remembered that there is a large gap in the official biography to be filled. The "Life and Speeches," from one robin's-egg blue cover to the other, does not contain the word railroad. As to union labor, however, the hired biographer, and the cautious subject who went over the proof with a careful blue pencil, have more courage. Chapter XIV is entitled "Mr. Fairbanks and Organized Labor." Between pages 182 and 188 we learn that "In his boyhood days the labor question did not attract much attention; but as he grew older and the question became one of more vital importance, he was always found advocating the cause of the working men. . . . He often referred to labor as one of the mighty pillars on which rests our social and political fabric. . . . In the Senate he was the representative of the Cigarmakers' Union, and in a number of his speeches on questions before the Senate he spoke in the warmest terms to advance the cause of labor." This is "a keynote to his character."

So runs the official biography. Doubtless, it was only that positive order to omit all that had to do with railroads which caused Biographer Smith's failure to refer to Mr. Fairbanks's first endearing words concerning union labor—words which are recorded, not in the accounts of any political meeting, nor yet in the re-sounding periods of any Senate speech, but in the minutes of a criminal proceeding in the Indiana Circuit Court.

It is far from my purpose to prejudice Mr. Fairbanks's political fortunes by alluding to the fact that as a railroad lawyer he prosecuted striking union laborers and secured prison sentences for them. It may have been the line of his duty as he saw it; and unhappily he may not have foreseen the day when he would be a candidate for the Presidency. And yet if I should advance this episode as an argument against his political preferment, I would have as a precedent the example of Mr. Fairbanks's own press bureau. The Indianapolis "Star," whose connection with Mr. Fairbanks I told in the first article, and which he uses for subtle,



indirect, and devious aid to his boom, frequently declares that the labor record of Secretary Taft injures his Presidential chances. In its issue of June 14, it says:

#### LABOR FOR FAIRBANKS

FAVORS HIM ABOVE OTHERS

*Vice-President Popular, while Taft and Cannon are Disliked, New Yorkers Say*

WASHINGTON, June 13

"Vice-President Fairbanks has a strong following in the laboring men of the country, according to W. M. Atkins of New York. The Washington 'Herald' to-day printed an interview with Atkins as follows:

"You can take my word for it, that organized labor will take a very active part in national politics next year. As matters now stand, the man who is best liked by the labor people, and who has the strongest chance of securing their support in the Presidential race is Vice-President Fairbanks. The most unpopular candidate with wage-earners is Secretary Taft, because of his anti-labor decisions when he was on the bench. "Should Taft be the Republican nominee, his record will be dug up and word will be passed along the line to beat him at the polls. Neither is 'Uncle Joe' Cannon a warm favorite with union voters, for somehow the notion prevails that he has not been very friendly to their cause, either before or after his election to the Speakership."

Whether "W. M. Atkins of New York" be a myth or not, it is perfectly true that Taft, sitting on the bench, decided certain labor cases brought before him; and, interpreting the law as it stood, ruled against the labor litigants. With Mr. Fairbanks the case was slightly different. He, as a railroad lawyer, took the initiative. Seventeen years before the Debs case in Chicago made "government by injunction" a red rag to labor, he used the process of the equity court to jail union workmen. It was in 1879.

#### Strikers Jailed

A GREAT strike had tied up railroads all over the country. The Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western—which was still in the hands of a receiver for whom Mr. Fairbanks was counsel—had its share of the general disturbance. In this crisis, the receivership had its advantages. The road was in the custody of the equity court; to strike against the court was contempt. The records of this receivership contain copies of the complaints, signed by the receiver and Mr. Fairbanks, alleging that the road was annoyed and embarrassed by the striking workmen. Employees of the road were arrested, brought into court, tried, and disposed of without the embarrassing intervention of a jury. Between June 23 and August 3, 1877, Mr. Fairbanks secured convictions in the cases of Strikers Crawford, Dean, Buckley, Githen, Outcault, and Smith. Each of these men was sentenced to three months. Strikers Crawford, Dean, Buckley, and Githen served their terms in the Bartholomew County jail; Outcault and Smith went to the Jefferson County jail.

"Labor must be free," says the official biography, Chapter XIV, page 186.

"On all matters concerning labor," it adds, "Mr. Fairbanks has always been open, frank, and clear in his statements. . . . Senator Fairbanks is and always has been a friend of labor, and an advocate of their just rights. . . . for he knows by hard experience what it is to toil; and from the very first his heart and his feelings have ever gone out to those who are compelled to work for their daily bread." What lover of his kind but regrets that Strikers Buckley, Dean, Crawford, Githen, Outcault, and Smith had not the "Life and Speeches of Charles Warren Fairbanks" to while away their three months of enforced leisure.

It does not appear that Mr. Fairbanks took any interest in politics until 1888. He was not a member of his ward club; he took no large part in primaries; he was not identified with the cause of government, good or bad. He was back and forth between Judge Gresham's court in Indianapolis, and the offices of his Wall Street principals in New York. Although he maintained an office in Indianapolis, he left all but the dress parade of law to an able partner. Then came the climax of the Republican factional feud between Benjamin Harrison and Walter Q. Gresham. Indiana sent a Gresham delegation, headed by Mr. Fairbanks, to

contest the Presidential nomination with Harrison at the National Convention. It was only natural that Mr. Fairbanks should strongly favor Judge Gresham, in whose court he did most of his business. Harrison won. Fairbanks came home to work for the winning candidate. In 1890 he was defeated for the empty honor of the minor Republican nomination for the Senate; in 1892 he received it by default.

In 1896-97 (the McKinley-Hanna year) the real value of these minority endorsements became apparent. There had been an overturning of the parties, the Indiana Legislature was Republican, and Charles Warren Fairbanks was to the front with the seal of his party's endorsement two years old, a genuine candidate for a seat in the Senate.

Negotiations carried on by Perry Heath resulted in an agreement with Hanna, by which the latter promised to make Fairbanks temporary chairman of the

Decatur & Western. This purpose was not communicated to the public. In fact, the bill attracted little attention at the time, and its origin and objects were involved in mystery. But it made quiet progress in committee, and finally found a place on the Senate calendar with a favorable report.

But the bill came to the attention of ex-President Harrison and other Indiana lawyers, who had been retained as counsel by the State to forfeit the charters of certain railways on account of violation of charter provisions. They feared the effect of this bill on their suit, and they pointed out its real and important effect and hinted at its concealed purpose.

Most of the Indiana railway charters contain provisions directed against mergers and consolidations, and provide that violations shall be followed by forfeiture to the State. It was the purpose of the Fairbanks measure to repeal these provisions. There was another aspect of the bill which, General Harrison pointed out, was even more obnoxious. It was designed to confer a foreign citizenship on Indiana railways, enabling them to transfer all their damage suits from the State to the Federal courts on the grounds of diverse citizenship. As the Republican Governor, W. T. Durbin, said later in a veto message dealing with this piece of legislation: "To citizens in the remote parts of the State, it is a matter of great hardship, inconvenience, and expense to be compelled to assert their rights against railroad companies at a court one hundred miles or more from their residence and the residences of witnesses."

#### The Joss Bill

THIS point was not lost on Indiana people, and soon the State was in a mild uproar. Mr. Fairbanks was advised by the State Senator who introduced the bill that it would be unwise to press the measure just then. So it was dropped in a manner which suggested that comic opera line: "Now is the time for disappearing."

By 1901 the skies had cleared. The old bill had passed from mind, and the time seemed ripe to pluck a legislative plum.

The second merger bill was drawn—and probably the first one also—in the office of Francis Lynde Stetson, general counsel for J. Pierpont Morgan, in New York. It was then committed to a well-known Republican politician of Indiana, who will appear in this article as "the lobbyist." This gentleman was summoned to New York for the purpose. He was given a retaining fee of \$15,000, with an additional promise of \$25,000 contingent upon the bill becoming a law. They gave the lobbyist more money for expenses; he had carte blanche to offer contingent fees. He promised to pass the bill through the Legislature, but he expressed some doubt concerning the probable attitude of Governor Durbin. Mr. Morgan assured him that Fairbanks had promised to look after Durbin, who owed his nomination to the organization in Indiana.

The lobby went to work immediately. Senator Fred A. Joss of Indianapolis was chosen to introduce the bill, which thereby became embalmed in history as the "Joss bill."

The lobby scattered retainers and promises of contingent fees. The Legislature was flush with railroad passes.

The bill became an offense in Indiana. The whole State denounced it; the local bar associations passed resolutions against it; the citizens of Logansport sent a committee to reason with the Governor about it. But it went through with whip and spur and came to the Governor for his signature. Joseph B. Kealing, now manager of the Fairbanks Presidential boom, called on the Governor and asked him what he intended to do about it. "I intend to veto it," said the Governor. Kealing begged him to reconsider, and other railroad attorneys joined him. Two railroad attorneys tried in vain to trick the Governor into delaying his veto until the bill became a law by limitation.

What led the astute Senator from Indiana into the error of promising on paper to deliver a Governor whom he did not in fact control, is not a very deep mystery to one who understands practical politics. By all the rules of the game, Governor Durbin should have been delivered. The clog in the wheels was unforeseen moral stamina in the Governor's make-up. He had been supported for nomination and election by the machine; he owed his election to the machine managers. It was natural for these managers to suppose—and Fairbanks unquestionably did so suppose when he promised—that Durbin would be "all right."

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No one can fail to observe how similarly the camera and "Cir." in his cartoon on page 6 have caught the spirit of Mr. Fairbanks' pose. "Cir." of course, never saw this photograph and drew his cartoon from his own impressions

Republican National Convention at St. Louis, in return for which Fairbanks was to do what he could to deliver the Republican strength for McKinley.

In telling of Mr. Fairbanks' services to his party (see Chapter V, "Life and Speeches"), Mr. Smith declares that his "integrity of character" and his "lofty conception of the duties of a public servant and of the exalted dignity and responsibilities of a member of the highest legislative body in the world," fitted him "to take a place among the law-makers of a nation." And then, for nine successive chapters, he tells what Fairbanks said—repeats innocuous extracts from old speeches. The truth is that while Fairbanks was in the Senate of the United States, he was still working for the interests of his railroad and Wall Street clients, using his position as a party boss, which went with his office as Senator in Indiana, to promote railroad legislation in the Indiana Legislature.

During the session of 1897 there appeared in the Indiana Legislature a bill designed to permit the consolidation of certain Indiana railways with roads outside of the State. The specific purpose of this bill, as explained by Mr. Fairbanks to the State Senator who introduced it for him, was to permit the merger of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railway—in which Mr. Fairbanks was interested as bondholder, shareholder, and general counsel—with the Indianapolis,



# MOSBY'S DEPILITATOR

BAREFACE HIGGINS, A PRIZE EXAMPLE OF MISSPENT ENERGY

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ONE of the worst cases of misapplied devotion and misspent energy that I ever ran across was that of Bareface Higgins and his depilator. It was down at Corbeyville, Iowa, and Bareface Higgins was the most serious-minded man I ever knew. He was a thorough believer in the power of the personal appeal, and was a pedler by occupation. He was strong on steady, insistent, everlasting personal appeal, and he was one of those men who, when they believe they are right, go right ahead and appeal. So whenever we saw Bareface coming with a parcel under his arm we went away until he had blown over. Unless he caught us first.

Bareface was one of the kind of men who take a mortal interest in "Send ten cents if you want a big mail," and that sort of thing, and he always had a copy of the "Agents' Gazette," or some other twenty-five-cents-a-year paper, in his pocket, and when he wasn't busy personally appealing to us to buy one hundred calling cards with our names neatly concealed under a hand holding a bunch of flowers that lifted up to show the name—twenty-five cents for twenty-five—or something equally valuable and attractive, he was reading in the "Agents' Gazette" to find something else to personally appeal for. He was called Bareface because he had more red whiskers, and worse tangled, than any other man in the place—and that town rather ran to whiskers, too. It was easier to wear them than to shave.

Half the time Bareface sat with his face stuck within an inch of that "Agents' Gazette," for he was so nearsighted that he could hardly see at all; and the other half of the time he was droning away in his mournful voice to some unlucky creature he had cornered, telling him the marvelous virtues of the Royal Bengal Perfume Tablets, or the Little Wizard Combination Can-Opener and Cigar-Clipper. That voice of his was enough to set a piece of tissue paper on edge, and as for continuity and sustained effort!—there was never another such persistent pedler held a poor suffering mortal by the coat-lapel and talked him blind! He wasn't satisfied with telling the good points of a thing once. Bareface had upward of forty thousand different useless things to choose from that were advertised in the "Agents' Gazette," and he didn't decide to choose any one of them until he had given it more thought than any other man would give to buying a forty-acre farm, and so he knew that when he did choose an article it must be just right. Then he would go out to appeal for it, and if in the first few hours of appeal he didn't make a sale, he would begin all over again, feeling that he must have missed some important point, or that the unfortunate victim had misunderstood him. It was one of the most painful things in the world to hear him trying to sell Uncle Billy Gubb, who was aged seventy and a deacon in the church, a scarf-pin that was composed of a celluloid rose that would squirt water in the eye of any one that bent down to look at it. This little gem was called the "Unequaled Laugh-Maker, or Surpriser of the Inquisitive," and Bareface never called it anything else. He believed in sticking to facts, and calling things by their right names, as they were printed in the catalogue. Any man who would go up to Uncle Billy Gubb, who had a permanent frown of fifty-two years' standing, and try to sell him an "Unequaled Laugh-Maker, or Surpriser of the Inquisitive" didn't have a correct idea of Uncle Billy Gubb.

One day Bareface came down Main Street, nosing his way, looking for somebody to attach himself to, and I happened to be asleep in front of Biggs's Livery, in a chair that I generally slept in mornings and afternoons, and he had me before I knew he was anywhere near. He took hold of me with one hand and reached into his pocket with his other, and as soon as I saw him reach for his side pocket I knew he had something new, but whether he was going to give me a lecture on "True Lovers' Sym'thetic Ink," or a dissertation on the "Little Economy Potato-Parer and Stove-Lid-Lifter," I didn't know. Bareface's articles of commerce never went above ten cents in price. He knew the reckless spending habits of that town too well to go above that, as a general thing, but I was away out of reckoning when I figured I was to be orated to about a dime wonder that time. He had broke loose and got a dollar article, and what he pulled out of his pocket was a bottle.

"I don't want none," I said as quick as I could, that being as safe a way as any other for beginning with Bareface, although it never did any good. "Uriah," he whined through his nose. "I have here an article that you had ought to buy. Mosby's Depilator is an article that I can recommend hearty—" "What's that, Bareface?" I asked. "What's that name? Do you mind saying that name again?"



The "Agents' Gazette"

"Depilator," he said. "Mosby's Celebrated Depilator, recommended by the physicians in all parts of the world—"

"Depilator, hey?" I said. "Well, I guess I ain't got any disease that needs depilating to-day. Mebby I will have to-morrow; a man can't tell what a day will bring forth, but I don't feel like taking anything for it to-day. I want to let the symptoms develop first."

"It ain't to take," said Bareface. "It's to rub on." "All right," I said, "if it ain't to take I guess I won't take any, and I guess I can rub on without any Pedil— What did you say that name was?"

"Depilator," repeated Bareface. "Well," I said, "you won't catch me rubbing on or taking anything with a name like that, not by no means! When a man is as well as I am he don't want to fool with no medicines with a name like— What did you say that name was?"

"Depilator," said Bareface, patiently. "It ain't for the sick, but for the well. This marvelous remedy—"

"There you go, now!" I said, reproachful. "Just when I begin to want to help you out, and start to get ready to get a disease, so that by to-morrow I will feel like rubbing something on, you step in and tell me it is for the well! And now my disease is so far along that I ain't well any more! If that ain't just like you, Bareface! Now, I certainly can't buy any of that— What is the name of it?"

"Depilator," Bareface said. "But sick can use it as well as the well, so far as I know. I don't see anything in the directions that says it makes any difference whether a person is sick or well when they use it."

He put his nose up against the bottle and made as if to read what it said, but the type was pretty small, and he didn't make very good work of it.

"Hold on!" I said. "Don't strain the bottle that way. Let me read it," and I took it from him and did so.

Bareface looked on as if I was a neighbor woman examining a young mother's first baby, and he was the young mother.

"Why, you old deceiver!" I said. "I can have you up for false pretenses. This ain't no Depilator at all. Here I was, just going to put my hand in my pocket and pull out my purse and buy a bottle of Depilator, and it ain't a Depilator at all. Somebody has been taking you in, Bareface. This ain't no Depilator; it's a Depilator."

Not that I knew the difference between one and the other, but it was a good excuse to pass the bottle back to Bareface. He stuck his nose against the label again and read the name, which he could do, as it was in big type.

"So 'tis; so 'tis!" he said, wagging his head. "I read it wrong. It's a Depilator. I'm obliged to you, Uriah, for putting me right."

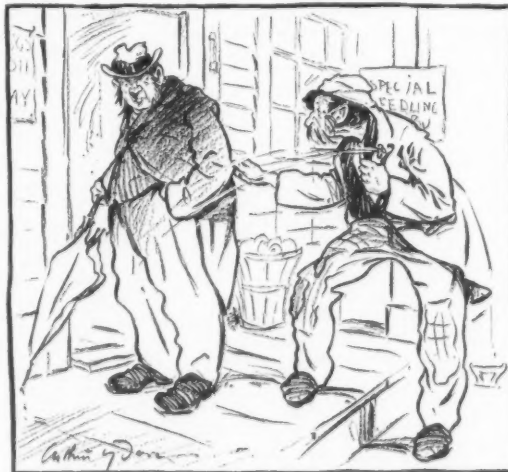
"There you go!" I shouted at him. "I say Depilator, and you go right off and say Pedilator again. It's Depilator."

"Hey?" he said, with his hand behind his ear. "Depilator!" I shouted, as loud as I could. "Depilator!"

"Yes," he agreed. "Just as you say—Depilator. That's what I said, ain't it?"

"No!" I shouted. "No, you didn't! You say Pedilator, but it's Depilator! Depilator! Depilator! Mosby's Depilator!"

I don't often raise my voice like that, not thinking that such exertion is good for a man whose principal



"The Unequaled Laugh-Maker, or Surpriser of the Inquisitive"

job is keeping off from exertion, but when I want to I can holler as loud as the next man, and I was so provoked at the old man that I was bound I would make him hear. And what do you think he said?

"Oh!" he said. "I didn't hear you at first, Uriah. Yes, it is Mosby's, just as you say. Mosby's Depilator, one dollar a bottle."

Now, that would make most anybody mad, and I felt like taking that bottle and throwing it against a rock. To think that right in the heat of the day a man should wake me up, and stir me up so that I should shout out at the top of my voice, getting all excited over it, and disturbing my perfect calm, at a time when everybody else was asleep, did make me mad, but I had some satisfaction, for the way I yelled that name out woke up everybody in town, and they began coming out of the shade and down the street to where me and Bareface was furthering the commerce of the nation. Almost every able-bodied man in the place was right on hand in about five minutes, them in the back row standing on tiptoe to see what was up. That was the best advertising that was ever done in Corbeyville; that shouting of that word that I did for Bareface. I never saw people so interested to know the meaning of a strange word before. And the meanness of it was that they expected me to tell them what it was and what it meant, and to do it with the joy that I would have recounted a dog fight that they had missed seeing. They appointed me deputy puffer of Mosby's Depilator, but I resigned. When I set out to tell all about a thing I want to have a glimmering of what the thing is first, and I hadn't been educated in Depilator yet. But I was before Bareface got through. We all was.

"Uriah," they said, "what's up? Whyfor were you screeching like a small spotted pig with its foot caught fast in a balloon rope and the balloon rapidly going heavenward?"—or words to that effect.

"I was whispering to Bareface, here, if you want to know," I said, "and he has got a new thinggumjig he is selling by the bottle at one dollar a bottle."

As fast as the populace could crowd up to where it could hear me say this, it remarked: "Oh, fudge!" and oozed off into the shade again and went to sleep, until only me and Bareface was left, and I would have oozed off too, but he had a firm grip on my garments.

"Uriah," he said, "this here Depilator is just what a man with whiskers like yours needs. This here Mosby's Depilator, I figure, was got up for just such whiskers as them you have got. I sort of had you in mind, Uriah, when I took the agency for this Depilator."

"Much obliged, Bareface," I said, ironical, "but I don't feel the need of no hair restorer for my whiskers to-day, thank you. My whiskers is restored too much already. I feel like I had about all I needed in that line, right now."

"Hey?" he asked, putting his hand up to his ear. "What say? Did you say you'd take a bottle, Uriah?"

"No, I didn't!" I remarked, good and loud. "I said I have too many whiskers already. Too many—" I explained, running my hand through my face-fringe, as a sort of sign language. Bareface understood that all right. He brightened up at it.

"That's what I say," he said. "Too many whiskers. Near everybody in town has got too many. I thought that over before I took up the agency for this here Depilator—"

"All right," I said, "go ahead and call it that if you want to. You own it, and you can call it what you want to," but Bareface did not hear me. He was proceeding right along with his lecture.

"That's what a Depilator is for," he went on. "It removes the super-fluous hair, according to directions as given on the bottle, and I guess this town has more super-fluous whiskers than any other town in the United States. I didn't take hold of this here Depilator rashly, Uriah, by no means. No, sir. I think it all out first, and I saw that a real good Depilator like this was what this town needed more than anything. This town is all growing to whiskers, and that is what is the matter with it. All its energy is used up growing whiskers, and it don't have any energy left for anything else. Now, you feel tired all the time, don't you, Uriah?"

I reckoned I did, for it wouldn't have done to be anything else but tired in that town. It would have been too conspicuous.

"That's because all your energy goes to growing whiskers," Bareface explained. "Now, this here Depilator, I take it, was got up for just such towns as this is. I don't say I saw that right off at first, Uriah. No, sir. I don't make no such claim. I read over the literachoor about this here Depilator for days before I could make head or tail of it. I couldn't see but what a man would get along with a pair of shears or a razor, and do all the depilating he wanted to do, and it looked to me as if a Depilator in a bottle at one dollar a bottle would be about the most useless thing in the world for a man to have. I couldn't seem to see what any man would want to be depilator for. I says to myself: 'Well, of all the foolish, lousy inventions that ever was, this is the worst. Here is thousands of young fellers all over the country coaxing and begging



their mustaches to grow, and rubbing things on them, and willing to give most anything to get them to grow, and now here comes a man with a stuff in bottles to remove them. This stuff won't sell. What this country needs ain't hair removers; it is hair growers.' And right there I happened to think of this town, and the way it is overrun with whiskers, and I saw the value of this Depilator."

I got up close to Bareface's ear and shouted:

"Why don't you try it on yourself?"

He looked at me with reproach in his eyes, as if I had hurt his feelings.

"Uriah," he said, "if I was able to afford to use stuff at a dollar a bottle, I wouldn't be peddling it. It ain't that I lack faith in this Depilator; I can't afford to use it. I ain't a rich man."

Neither was I, and I told Bareface so. I tried to make him understand that it would be a long time before I would be rich enough to pay out one dollar for Depilator, and that if the whole of my house was piled full of dollars the last thing I would buy would be Depilator. I told him that I didn't wear whiskers because they were forced on me, but because I liked to wear them, because I had the kind of face that the more of it didn't show the better it looked. If my whiskers had been up in court for murder, and I was the lawyer defending them, I couldn't have argued more in their favor, and when Bareface left me and went at the other citizens he found them feeling the same way. The unanimous love of that town for its whiskers was something beautiful to behold. You would have thought, to hear the voters talk, that whiskers was the foundation of their liberties, and that the Revolution, and the Civil War, and the War with Spain, had all been fought to preserve the right to grow whiskers of any shape, size, or color. It sounded as if the motto of the State of Iowa should be changed to "Our Liberties we prize and our Whiskers we will maintain." But the actions of old R. S. Spear spoke louder than words. Old R. S. had a beard that he had been growing since Abraham Lincoln's day, on a bet. He had bet that if Douglas was defeated he would never cut his beard again, and from merely living up to his bet he had come to love and cherish his beard as if it was precious jewels. He had about three yards of it, and he kept it coiled up under his vest, only taking it out to show strangers that wanted to see the principal objects of interest in town. Old R. S. Spear's beard was one of these, and there wasn't any other.

Old R. S. sat on the bench in front of his harness shop, along with some other citizens that wasn't working just then, and he listened to Bareface until Bareface came to the part where he told what the Depilator was good for, and then old R. S. gave one whoop and dashed off up the street, and he didn't come back until Bareface was thoroughly absent. Old R. S., for one, didn't have any doubts about Mosby's Depilator doing its work, or if he did have any he wasn't going to take any chances. He acted as if his beard was gunpowder and that Depilator was a match, and he didn't want them to come together. When a man has spent thirty odd years growing a beard he don't want any Depilator spilled on it by accident, and whenever Bareface came in sight old R. S. would let out his little whoop and disappear. We got in the habit of sitting in front of old R. S.'s shop for the protection he afforded. He was like those little birds I have heard tell of that sit on the backs of hippopotamuses or something and fly off when danger approaches, warning the hippopotamus. Whenever we heard old R. S. whoop and saw him disappear we knew Bareface was coming. We didn't have to keep awake—old R. S. kept awake for us, and kept his eyes out for the approach of Bareface. That was away back in ninety-five, and if you go out to Corbeyville to-day you will still see the fellers sitting in front of old R. S. Spear's store in preference to any other spot, and they don't know why, but that is the reason. It's wonderful how old habits cling to one that way.

Bareface kept trying to talk some one into buying a bottle of Mosby's Depilator for about three weeks, and the conversation he used up in that time would have made a book, there was so much of it, but no one would try the Depilator. No one wanted to remove their whiskers permanently, it seemed. And no one but R. S. Spear seemed to have any idea that the Depilator would do what Bareface and the label claimed for it, anyway. It was a sort of deadlock. We wouldn't buy because we didn't want to lose our whiskers, and we wouldn't buy because we had no faith that the Depilator would remove them, and Bareface lost either way. He had laid in a stock of ten bottles as a starter, and the starter wouldn't start. He had a hard proposition, but he did his best. He went in for a campaign against whiskers that was wordier and more continuous than any the world has ever known—but he kept his own face-hair just the same! Nothing we could say about consistency-thou-art-a-jewel could budge him. He took the ground that he was agent for Mosby's Depilator, and as such he was outside of the rules. It was our business to use it, and his business to sell it, and those were two distinct and different

things. He mentioned that a man might be in the business of making wooden legs, and might believe he was making the best wooden legs in the world, and might use every argument in the world to sell them, but he couldn't be expected to have his own leg cut off in order to be consistent. There was some sense in that, too.

So nobody would give the Depilator a fair trial, and nobody knew whether it would do what Bareface claimed, and it began to look as if Bareface would be out what he had paid for the ten bottles, and that the

skinny and miserable that looked, and that while he wouldn't care to have a depilicated cat for a pet, anybody that had a Mexican hairless dog in the house would want a depilicated cat to harmonize.

So Bareface and Sam started in to do business, and seeing as how the business was going to make the town famous, and was a sort of public affair in that way, they decided to have what you might call the laying of the corner-stone, or house-warming, or flag-raising, and depilate the first dog in public. It wasn't necessary to issue printed invitations. All you had to do to draw a crowd in that town was to have whatever you were having, and to let one or two know, and all the rest came.

Well, I don't know Mr. Mosby, the man that makes the Depilator, and he may be a nice man, and good to his family, but I don't think he thought of dogs when he invented the Depilator, or he would have invented it some other way. It may be good for dogs, but it don't give them pleasure. I might lay awake all night imagining, and I couldn't imagine a dog that had had one dose of Depilator coming back for another dose. I never knew a dog that had had one dose come back for anything at all. A dog that had had a real good application of Mosby's Depilator, and could get away, stayed away.

Bareface and Sam had the flag-raising in the public square, and as a special honor Sam allowed his own dog to be the first dog ever depilicated by the Corbeyville Depilating Company. There wasn't much to Corbeyville but the public square, so that was the natural place to have a blow-out, and there was already considerable hair off Sam's dog, so it was natural to pick on it for the first trial of the Depilator. There was some difference of opinion as to how long it would take the Depilator to work. Bareface seemed to think all you had to do was to rub it on and the hair would fall off the next minute, but Sam thought it would work more gradual; that you would rub the Depilator on to-day and probably the hair would be off about to-morrow evening at sundown. So the crowd congregated, and Bareface held the dog, and Sam pulled out the cork with his teeth.

I guess that Depilator was next to middling warm, for the minute some of it touched his lips Sam howled and dropped the bottle, and it fell and spilled on the dog. There wasn't any doubt about what the dog thought of it. If you ever doubled up a piece of whalebone until the ends met, and then suddenly let go of it, you will have some idea of how that dog acted, and the last we saw of him he was still doubling up and letting out, and howling, until he faded into the horizon. We heard his howl for some minutes after that, but never again. That dog never came back. I suppose he wanted to get to Mexico, where depilicated dogs naturally belong.

That settled the Corbeyville Depilating Company. The Corbeyville Humane Society stepped in and laid down the law to Sam and Bareface, and the best they would allow was that Sam could go ahead provided he diluted the Depilator with water so that it wouldn't hurt the dogs. They said it was all right to take hair off, but that a Depilator that took off hide and all was a lawless institution. But the trouble was that if the Depilator was thinned it wouldn't depilate.

Sam and Bareface used to shampoo dogs every morning and evening with the diluted Depilator, and the dogs didn't mind—in fact, they seemed to like it—and it made them smell like a barber shop, but it wouldn't depilate them. The only effect it had was to use up the Depilator, and supply Corbeyville with a cleaner lot of dogs than the town ever had before.

Naturally, Sam and Bareface soon got tired of that, and they dissolved partnership. They used up all the stock that Bareface had, and then they quit. Bareface talked for a while about going to sue Sam for wasting the Depilator, and Sam talked a bit about going to sue Bareface for wasting his time, but that all ended in talk.

We none of us ever found out any usefulness that Depilator could be to any one. There certainly wasn't a man in Corbeyville that would ever have used it, and we come to the general conclusion that it was just like the rest of the truck that Bareface peddled around—no use at all, and not intended to be—just got up to peddle. Or maybe, Mr. Mosby figured that if ever anybody did want to have their whiskers permanently removed, his Depilator would come in handy, like the feller that invented a landing stage for air ships. It was no use then, but it might be if air-ships ever come into general use, so he invented it, and had it ready for the time when there should be a demand. But, as I said before, old Bareface trying to sell Depilator to men that preferred whiskers to smooth faces was about the worst case of misapplied energy that I ever ran across. Trying to sell phonographs in a deaf and dumb asylum wouldn't be more downright hopeless as a job.



In the back row, standing on tiptoe to see what was up

investment he had made would have to be charged off to profit and loss, when Sam Wiggins had an idea, and informed Bareface of it. The idea was Mexican hairless dogs, and Sam Wiggins didn't tell Bareface what the idea was until Bareface had agreed to take him in as half partner on the deal, and then they went at it in good earnest.

The idea was to supply Mexican hairless dogs for the market, and to supply not only the little skinny hairless dogs that were all the market afforded then, but to furnish Mexican hairless dogs of any size and shape to suit the taste. Sam and Bareface were going to supply any kind of Mexican hairless hound that the market demanded. By their system you could get a Mexican hairless Saint Bernard, or a Mexican hairless dachshund as easily as any other kind. All you had to do was to place your order far enough ahead, so as to allow Sam and Bareface to get a sample of the kind of dog you wanted and to give the Depilator time to work, and the dog would be delivered according to order. Sam had the faith in the scheme, and Bareface had the faith in the Depilator, and two such faiths are all that are needed in a business, Sam said. He saw a great future for the business, and looked to be overrun with orders as soon as they got the Depilatory running in good shape, and he said he proposed to do the right thing by the town where he had been born, and meant to call the dogs by the name of the town. The name he picked out was "Corbeyville Depilicated Mexican Hairless Dogs," and Bareface agreed, only stipulating that whenever the name was printed there should be added the words: "Specially depilicated for the fine trade with Mosby's Depilator, for sale by F. N. Higgins, one dollar a bottle." He said that when folks once got the anti-whisker idea they would be wild to buy the Depilator, and that he would continue to look on that as his real business, and only consider the depilating of dogs a side issue. Sam looked at it a different way, holding that when the Corbeyville Mexican Hairless Depilicated Dog got noised abroad they wouldn't either of them have time to do anything but attend to the depilating factory, and that likely the craze for depilicated animals would grow, so that they would have to take in other animals, such as cows and sheep and cats. I could see how a cow might be improved, maybe, by being depilicated—just as they are by being dehorned—but I didn't see what any one would want with a depilicated cat. It looked to me as if a depilicated cat would be about the worst looking thing! An ordinary full-haired cat that has been soused in the water looks pretty thin and skinny and miserable, but a depilicated cat would look worse. I told Sam so, but he said that was nothing. He said to cast my mind on a Mexican hairless dog, and to think how thin and

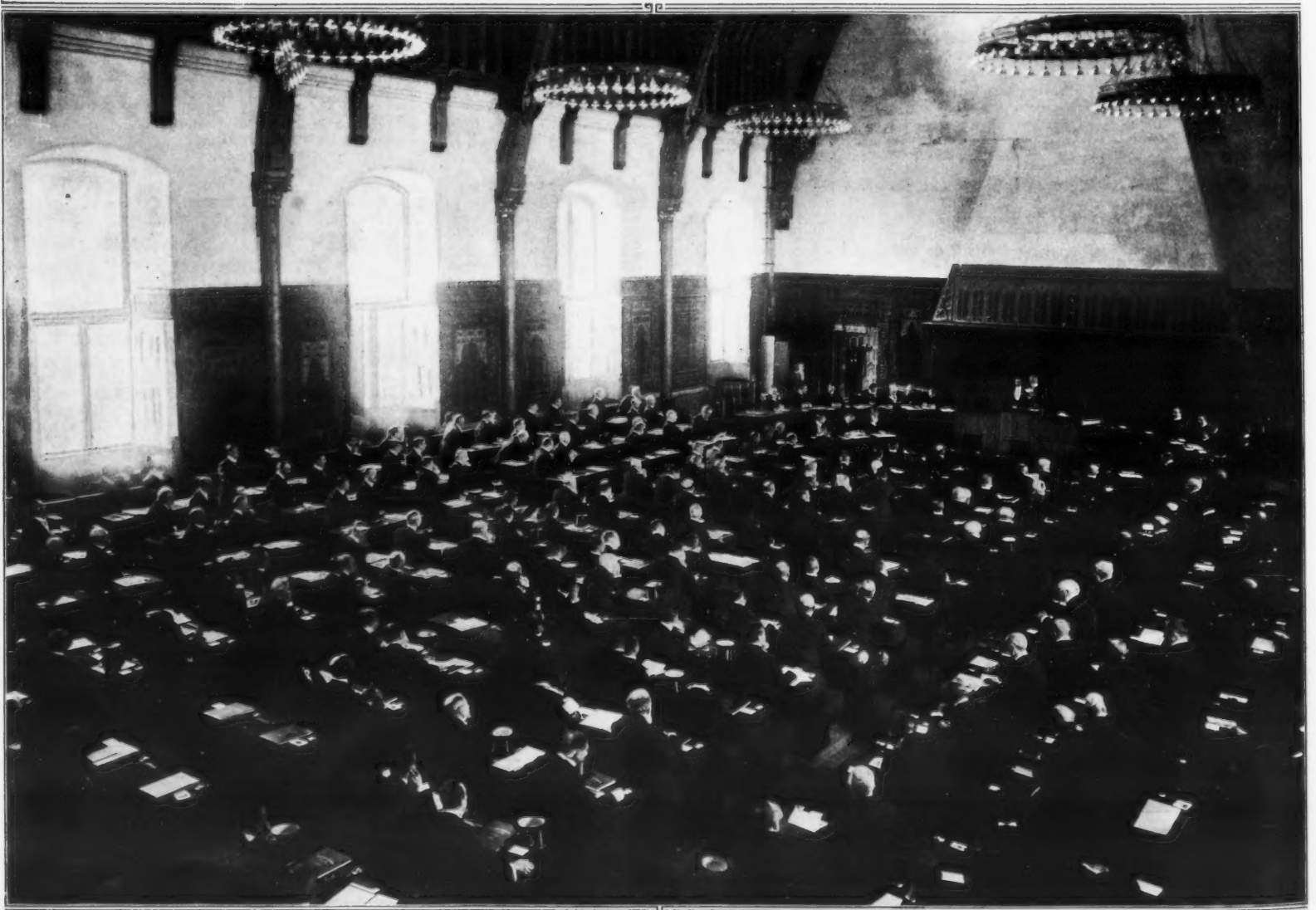


Sam pulled out the cork with his teeth



THE MEETING OF THE PUBLIC LANDS CONVENTION AT DENVER, JUNE 18 to 21

Opposition to the President's forest-reservation policy found expression in a three days' meeting of Western settlers last month, at which 14 States and Territories were represented



THE OPENING SESSION OF THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE, JUNE 15

Dr. van Tets van Goudriaan, Holland's Minister of Foreign Affairs, speaking in the old Knights' Hall, in Bittenhof Palace, introduced M. Nelidoff, Russian ambassador to France, as Chairman. Apparently ignoring recent Russian history, M. Nelidoff reminded the Conference that the first meeting, in 1899, "achieved results which have been of great service to humanity"



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

## THE OUTGROWN CABINET

THE Government of the United States began its career in 1789 with five executive departments—State, Treasury, War, Post-Office, and Justice. Nine years later the control of the navy was taken out of the hands of the Secretary of War and put under an independent department. Matters remained in this state for half a century. In 1849 the creation of the Department of the Interior added a seventh member to the Cabinet. The Department of Agriculture began business in 1889 and the Department of Commerce and Labor in 1903. But there is no reason to suppose that with nine members the Cabinet has reached its limit. There are nineteen members of the British Cabinet beside seven Ministers outside. France has twelve Cabinet Ministers and Italy eleven.

In this country four important interests are now demanding the creation of Federal departments for their benefit. As our manufacturing output is twice the value of all the products of our farms, it is said that we should have a Department of Manufactures. The extraction from the ground of over eighty minerals worth enumerating, reaching a total value of a billion and three-quarters of dollars, calls audibly for a Department of Mining. Steam railroads almost equal to those of all other countries combined, electric railroads far exceeding those of all the rest of the world, coast, lake, and river shipping, and telegraph and telephone lines surpassing anything known anywhere else, would seem to justify a Department of Transportation and Communications. Finally, a movement is on foot for the creation of a Department of Fine Arts.

Fine arts can not show such imposing figures as those of manufactures, mining, and transportation. Nevertheless, the committee appointed by the Fine Arts Federation, the Society of Beaux Arts, and the American Institute of Architects to agitate the matter is not destitute of material. It is proposed to give the new department control over all Government work, such as the construction of public buildings, laying out national parks, establishing museums and galleries in various cities, and creating a National Art Gallery at an initial expense of \$5,000,000. The need for some intelligent supervising authority in these matters is painfully obvious. The construction of public buildings throughout the country is under the control of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, whose office is certainly run on more civilized lines than under the sainted Mullett, but is still far from being what it ought to be. In Washington there is no such thing as any general control at all. Each department puts up its own buildings in its own way, although, thanks to the educational work of the Burnham Commission, the results are not now as bad as they used to be.

Sooner or later we shall have a full-grown Department of Fine Arts, but it is not likely that it will come all at once. The various departments that have been added to the original five did not start in that way. They began modestly as bureaus under subordinate Commissioners. As the work of a bureau grew it was expanded into a department, and its Commissioner promoted to a secretaryship, or several bureaus were grouped together, and a new Secretary put over them. If the artists can secure the creation of a Bureau of Fine Arts, either in or out of a department, they can feel that they have made a good start. The main thing in Washington is to plant a seed and get it thoroughly sprouted. It will grow of itself after that.

EDITED BY  
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

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When a Job is once created at the capital it contains within itself the principles of immortality and of indefinite expansion. It becomes a permanent extractor of appropriations. The friends of the fine arts need not worry at first about a place in the Cabinet. All they need think of to begin with is getting a good start for a healthy Job.

## MORE BROKEN RECORDS

IN the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, all records of immigration into the United States were broken for the third time in succession. In 1904 the volume of immigration, closely following the state of business, sagged a little as compared with 1903, but even then it was greater than in any year before that. Since then the tide has swelled without an ebb. In 1904 the number of immigrants was 812,870, in 1905 it rose to 1,027,421, in 1906 it reached 1,100,735, and in 1907 it has exceeded 1,200,000. That is equivalent to dumping the entire population of a State like Nebraska upon us in a single year. Incidentally it illustrates the absurdity of the Census Bureau's method of computing our growth since 1900. That method is based on the assumption that in each year since the last census we have gained just one-tenth as much as we gained in the ten years between 1890 and 1900—that is to say, 1,331,748 inhabitants. Since we received over 1,200,000 immigrants last year, it followed on this theory that our natural increase was only about 130,000, or less than half a million even after allowing for all the immigrants who went home.

We have probably seen the crest of the present wave of immigration. These inflows are always closely related to the state of national prosperity. Immigration fell off one-half after the panic of 1837, and again after the panic of 1857. After breaking all previous records in 1873 it declined after the panic of that year, until in 1878 it stood at less than one-third of the figures reached before the hard times. The check to business in 1884 was reflected in a shrinkage of immigration from 603,000 in 1883 to 334,000 in 1886. The depression after 1893 reduced the immigration to a smaller volume in 1897 than we had seen half a century earlier. Some recession in business is probable now, and that will mean a shrinkage in immigration.

## PACIFIC IRRITATIONS

IT is a pity that when great national issues are quivering in the balance there can not be some way of suppressing officious local mischief-makers. Despite the real good feeling between the masses of the Japanese and American peoples, as well as between their governments, it can not be denied that the relations of the two countries are delicate. This is not because Japan wants the Philippines or is ambitious to dominate the Pacific, or because we are ready to fight for the trade of Manchuria, or of Korea. It is because there is always danger of a clash between Japanese pride and the instinct of American self-preservation on the Pacific Coast. The question whether Japanese immigration shall be excluded or not is for us simply a question of its volume. Labor union fanatics in the West may protest against the admission of any Japanese at all; sentimental fanatics in the East may denounce any measure of exclusion in any circumstances, but for the great bulk of sensible, level-headed Americans the question is simply whether the Asiatic influx is great enough to create a race problem in our Pacific States. We have had race problems enough, and we do not want any more. For Japanese coming as individuals we have a welcome as warm as their engaging national characteristics deserve. If they should come in hordes we should have to let sentiment give way to self-protection.

It seems impossible to make the Japanese understand our position in this matter. Although they would never tolerate an incursion of fifty or a hundred thousand Americans in their territory, they do not appear to be able to put themselves in our place, and it seems clear that any measures of restriction we may be compelled to take will be regarded as national affronts and bitterly resented. It is all the more important, therefore, for us to avoid any cause of offense as far as we can. Whatever measures we may be compelled to take in dealing with future immigration, the Japanese who are here now ought to be treated with the most scrupulous courtesy and justice. Of course, it is impossible to convince every juvenile hoodlum in California that a convenient brick ought not to be thrown at a Japanese window, but the local authorities can refrain from irritating pin-pricks. As if there were not already enough causes of friction the San Francisco Police Commissioners refused on June 27 to renew the permits of five Japanese keepers of intelligence offices, and to grant permits to two new applicants, on the ground that the policy of the board was to confine such privileges to citizens of the United States. This action aroused immediate echoes in Japan, where the seven Chambers of Commerce at Tokyo united in addresses to the principal Chambers in America and to President Roosevelt protesting against such incidents and hinting that their repetition might have "an unhappy effect upon the development of the commercial relations between the two nations"—in other words, might lead to a boycott.

There is some reassurance in the attitude of Ambassador Aoki, who has talked with much frankness on the situation, expressing the opinion that any excitement that may have been caused in Japan by the San Francisco incidents is over, and that it was "never of any particular significance." The Ambassador says that the Japanese have great respect for their Government, and that when it makes known its position on any matter the people are accustomed to acquiesce. A rather unfortunate,



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but on our part unavoidable, incident, has been another clash with Japanese seal poachers at St. Paul's Island, in which twenty-nine men were captured by the crew of the revenue cutter *Perry*.



## OKLAHOMA'S CONSTITUTION

*An attempt to forestall all public ills by a course of political preventive medicine*

THE Supreme Court of Oklahoma has dissolved the injunction by which an attempt had been made to keep the people of Oklahoma from voting on their new constitution. The Administration is now preparing to take a census to see whether the Democratic gerrymander there is worse than the Republican gerrymander in New York.

The Oklahoma Constitution was framed by a convention which took its work very seriously. The delegates held many views that seem bizarre to more conventional thinkers. They embodied these in an instrument of great length, although not as long as some other State Constitutions. They began by "invoking the guidance of Almighty God." In an article on "Federal Relations" and a Bill of Rights they included every guaranty they could think of for the liberties and immunities of citizens. One of these provisions, which has been mentioned as a possible ground for refusing to admit the State, directs the Legislature to pass laws regulating the procedure and punishment in matters of contempt, forbidding the imposition of penalties for contempt without giving the accused an opportunity to be heard; and providing that persons charged with disobeying injunctions shall have a right to jury trials on the question of their guilt or innocence. It has been alleged that judges have been deprived of the power to maintain their authority by summary punishments for contempt, but this is not true.

The constitution excludes officers, soldiers, and marines of the regular army and navy from voting while in active service, but they are allowed to vote after they go on the retired list. It was the evident intention of the convention to keep all the armed forces of the Government away from the polls, but with their inland unfamiliarity with naval affairs the delegates thought that sailors were marines. Consequently there is nothing that deprives bluejackets of the right of suffrage.

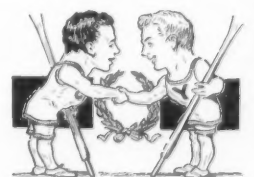
A novelty is the thoroughgoing way in which the principle of direct popular rule is carried through the State Government. Power is reserved to the people to approve or reject at the polls any act of the Legislature. Eight per cent of the legal voters are to have the right to propose any legislative measure and fifteen per cent to have the right to propose constitutional amendments. A referendum vote upon any act of the Legislature, except in the case of laws necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health, or safety, may be ordered either by the Legislature itself or by five per cent of the voters.

Very elaborate regulations are provided for the control of corporations. There is to be a Corporation Commission of three members to be elected for six years, with supervision over all transportation and transmission companies in the State, including the power to fix rates. The liability of railroad and mining companies for injuries to their employees is established and the common-law doctrine of fellow servants is abrogated so far as it affects such matters. The defense of contributory negligence or assumption of risk is in all cases to be a question of fact, to be left to the jury. A maximum passenger rate of two cents a mile is fixed as the normal standard, until otherwise provided by law, but any railroad may be exempted from this restriction by the Corporation Commission upon satisfactory proof that such a rate would not give it a just compensation for its services. Corporations are forbidden to make contributions to influence elections or official duty. Any foreign corporation which, without the consent of the other party, removes any suit from a State to a Federal court is to forfeit its license to do business in the State. The Legislature is to have power to alter or revoke all charters and franchises hereafter granted, subject to the proviso that no injustice shall be done to the incorporators. Liberal provisions are made for education.

These are only a few of the multifarious prescriptions of the Oklahoma Constitution, but they are those which have chiefly drawn the fire of criticism. In an instrument that covers so much ground in so much detail it will doubtless be easy to find mistakes, but the ease of amendment makes a mistake a much less serious matter in the fundamental law of Oklahoma than it would be in the iron-bound constitution of Rhode Island or Connecticut.

## TWO GREAT RACES

*Poughkeepsie and New London make college rowing history*



THE year 1907 will live in aquatic history. The intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie on June 26, and the Yale-Harvard contest at New London the next day, furnished two of the closest, most thrilling races that ever propagated heart failure on an observation train. In neither was there open water between the first and second boats. The struggle on the Hudson was particularly tense. Cornell and Columbia rowed side by side for the entire four miles as if they had been glued together. For the greater part of the distance Columbia was a shade in the lead, but just at the end, by the impulse of the very last stroke, Cornell pushed her bow across the finish line a bare yard ahead and won by three-fifths of a second. On the Thames the contest was as close over most of the course, but at the end Yale managed to win by the comparatively ample margin of three seconds in time and half a length in distance.

The race at Poughkeepsie seemed to be entirely between Cornell and Columbia, but had the condition of the water been the same for all the contestants there might have been a different story. The boats out in the river had to plow through a choppy sea that splashed over their sides while those



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on the landward lanes had comparatively smooth courses. But for this Annapolis would hardly have finished two open lengths behind the leading pair.

While the Yale-Harvard race has never lost its traditional academic and social prestige, the intercollegiate regatta on the Hudson is becoming, from a rowing point of view, more and more the aquatic event of the year for America, with a fair prospect that it may soon become the great event of the world. Never before have the eight-oared crews of seven colleges and universities contended in a single race. Next year an eighth crew from the Pacific Coast may make the regatta even more national than it is now.



## JOY FOR COMMUTERS

To ride at eighty miles an hour for five cents on a moral single-rail road with no strap-hangers

THE dissolution of the New York Rapid Transit Commission to make room for the new Public Utilities Commission has turned loose a large amount of garnered wisdom, which is now to be applied to an experiment of intense interest to all who go down to their work on wheels. Three of the most distinguished of the late Rapid Transit Commissioners—Mr. John H. Starin, Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, and Mr. Woodbury Langdon,—have embarked in a project which they promise to make a model for every city in the country, not only from an engineering but from a moral point of view.

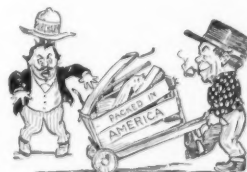
The plan is to have a four-track elevated railroad, each track with a single rail, to carry passengers between Newark and New York. The Hudson is to be crossed either through the McAdoo tunnels or by special ferry-boats, exclusively for passengers. It is alleged that the system, which has been invented by Mr. Howard H. Tunis of Baltimore, can be installed at less than half the cost of ordinary trolley or steam roads, and that it can carry passengers easily and safely at eighty miles an hour.

But the particular beauty of the scheme is that a moral example is to be set to all corporations engaged in transporting suburban passengers. Its promoters say that their purpose is not primarily to build up a great money-making property, but to institute a rapid-transit system which shall "do everything such a system ought to do and be free of the faults which mar most, if not all, of the present ones." They propose to give patrons a service of greatly increased speed at greatly reduced cost, to abolish strap-hangers, to eschew watered capital, to maintain harmonious relations with the public on one hand and with employees on the other, to employ the best men at the highest wages, and in short to prove "that financial success may be combined with an enterprise whose every relation shall be conducted on the highest moral grounds." All these delights are to be attained for fares of five cents from Newark to Jersey City and three cents from Jersey City to New York.

If these rosy anticipations can be confirmed the regular railroads and their commuting passengers will be extricated from a painful situation. The Reading and the Pennsylvania raised their commutation rates because the Governor of Pennsylvania had signed a two-cent fare law. The Governor of New York vetoed a two-cent fare law, and now the New York Central has raised its commutation rates, in the face of a general expectation that its new electric system would enable it to reduce them. Railroads in general are cursing their commuters, and asserting that their business does not pay. If a monorail system can take all that business off their hands and handle it at a profit at half the present rates, the commuters, the old railroads, and the new companies will all be happy.

## WHY OUR TRADE LAGS

Some of the pleasant ways of the American exporter which smooth the way of foreign rivals



EVER since our consuls have been making reports on foreign markets they have been trying to hammer into the heads of American manufacturers certain elementary requirements for the development of an export trade. Any volume of the Consular Reports for the last twenty years might be opened at random and the same complaints of American exporting methods would be found—attempts to sell by catalogue, often in English at that, insistence on cash before the delivery of the goods, indifference to the wants of the customers, failure to supply goods equal to samples, and, above all, bad packing. All this preaching seems to have accomplished nothing. If any old offenders have been converted by it, new ones have taken their places.

Special Agent W. A. Graham Clark has been investigating the conditions in the Philippines, where trade is supposed to have followed the flag, and has to some extent. He finds the same old troubles rampant, and working as usual to the advantage of the foreign trader. Many merchants in the Philippines really prefer American goods and would like to buy them, but they are driven away by the incredible carelessness and stupidity of the American exporter. One typical case out of many recounted by Mr. Clark may be taken as an example. A merchant at Manila had just returned from a visit to the United States. There he had laid in a stock of furniture, because he found the designs and finish better than he could obtain in Europe, but he had ordered the pieces that would naturally have mirrors or other glass attachments to be sent without them, and had written to Belgium for these parts. He had done this because he had never been able to obtain a shipment of American glass, either from the makers or from dealers, "without part or all of it having to be carried away from the Custom House in baskets." But he did venture, with much misgiving, to order six large plate glasses for his store windows because they were exactly what he wanted.

The sequel came a little later when Mr. Clark met that merchant again



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SHAVING BRUSH

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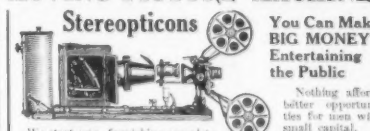
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impurities; nourishes the tissues and keeps the complexion youthful. Hinds' Cream contains no grease, bleach or chemicals, and is positively guaranteed not to produce a growth of hair. It is safe to use on a baby's delicate skin. Highly endorsed by men who shave.

Avoid substitutes; there is only one Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream; all others will disappoint you. Buy at your dealer's, 50c.; or if not obtainable, sent postpaid by us on receipt of price.

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The watch by which the hour-to-hour progress of this remarkable age is timed.

Used by men of action—women of initiative—people who don't stop.

An ELGIN WATCH is the favorite of the punctual—a companion of ideal habits. Grades differ—prices differ, according to jewels and metals.

The G. M. WHEELER GRADE ELGIN is moderate in price, with a fame earned by years of service.

"The Watch that's Made for the Majority."

Adjusted to temperature—with 17 jewels and micrometric regulator.

ELGINS of equal grade and reasonable price for women—desirable new models.

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after a trip through Japan and Manchuria. The six glass plates, each eight by six feet and five-sixteenths of an inch thick, had duly arrived from Pittsburgh. Five of them had come in fragments. The manufacturers had collected pay in advance and washed their hands of the shipment. The shipping company refused to accept any responsibility on the ground that the goods had been insufficiently packed. The man in Manila had to stand the loss, and he not only had to be satisfied with one plate out of six he had paid for, but he had to pay duty on all six in order to get the one. "Of course," remarks the special agent, "the new order went to Belgium."



## PENSIONS FOR OFFICE-HOLDERS

The Keep Commission has a plan for the painless amputation of worn-out official heads

ALTHOUGH Americans have not as a rule taken kindly to the idea of civil pensions, they find themselves driven to it in various directions. In the days of the spoils system things were different. Officials went in and out with every change of parties, and there was no apparent need of providing for the superannuated holders of such very precarious jobs. They did not stay in long enough to become superannuated. But now that office-holding has become a permanent career the problem of taking care of the men and women who have spent their lives in the public service is becoming urgent. A civil pension list is a natural accompaniment of a permanent civil service. The cities have discovered this in the case of firemen, policemen, and schoolteachers, and now the national Government is making the same discovery. The departments at Washington are clogged with feeble and incompetent employees whom their superiors have not the heart to remove, and when a reforming chief comes along and chops off the heads of tottering septuagenarians who have served the Government for thirty or forty years and are now incapable of making a living anywhere else, his act is felt to be cruel and unjust.

The Keep Commission, which has been probing so thoroughly into the work of the departments, has dealt with this problem in a systematic way. It has worked out a plan of retiring pensions, based on assessments upon salaries, with contributions from the Government to get the scheme started. The proposition is that every employee, upon reaching the age of seventy, shall receive a life pension equal to 1.5 per cent of his salary for every year of his service. If he had served for fifty years this would be equivalent to seventy-five per cent of his average annual pay, and if that average was \$1,200 his pension would be \$900 a year. A deduction of \$3.57 a month from his salary during his entire service would buy such an annuity at age seventy at regular insurance rates. The Commission proposes that the Government contribute enough at the start to put the scheme into operation. This would require about \$725,000 the first year. The Government's contribution would gradually increase until the thirtieth year, when it would be \$1,746,561. After that it would diminish until it disappeared, leaving the system to be supported entirely by the assessments on salaries. Any employee who left the service before his pension became due would have a right to withdraw his accumulated deposits, with interest. In lines of employment in which special vigor is required the retiring age may be made sixty-five or sixty instead of seventy.

## GAS IN TWO CITIES

What is poison to a New York corporation seems to be meat to one in Boston



BOSTON and New York are illustrating two kinds of relationships between public service corporations and the people. In New York the Consolidated Gas Company stands in a position of square hostility to the public. It charges as much as it can, and every reduction in rates is a matter of brute legal force. The company submits when it thinks there is nothing else to be done, but if it sees a possible chance of escape it fights the cut in the courts. Just now it is fighting a law reducing its charges from a dollar to eighty cents per thousand feet on the ground that to compel it to furnish gas at such a price would be depriving it of its property without due process of law. It maintains that eighty cents would not pay interest on its investment, and it has succeeded in convincing a Master in Chancery appointed by a United States Circuit Court that this contention is sound. According to his calculations such a rate would allow the company only 2.8 per cent profit on its capital, including the value of its franchises and good-will, or 3.6 per cent on its investment with those items excluded.

At the very time when the Master was presenting an exhaustive report showing by a wealth of figures that an eighty-cent rate would mean confiscation, the Boston Consolidated Gas Company was voluntarily reducing its charges to that figure, and at the same time preparing to increase its dividends from eight to nine per cent. This was the fourth five-cent reduction since the consolidation of the Boston companies two years before. In Boston the people and the gas company are not enemies, but partners. The law makes it an object to the corporation to manage its business economically and to treat its customers well. It is allowed to charge ninety cents per thousand feet, and to pay dividends of seven per cent at that price. If it wants to pay eight per cent dividends it must sell gas at eighty-five cents. That is what it has been doing recently. For every increase of one per cent in the dividends it must cut five cents from the price. Thus it is estopped from saying in court that low rates mean confiscation. Low rates and high dividends go together. No doubt in time the company will find it feasible to pay ten per cent dividends with seventy-five cent gas, while its New York namesake is finding Federal courts to believe its pathetic plea that eighty-cent gas means bankruptcy.



## Lea & Perrins' Sauce

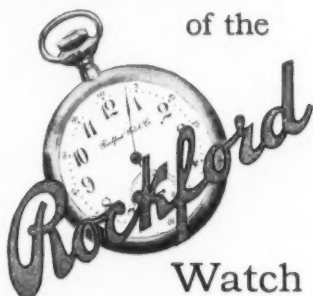
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

For broiled chops, steaks, cutlets, etc., no seasoning is required, save butter and Lea & Perrins' Sauce. Add to the gravy one or two tablespoonsful of Lea & Perrins' Sauce before pouring it over the meat.

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It is positive, exact and never-failing—this marvel of science is described in an interesting way in the handsome watch book "The Flight of Time," illustrated here.

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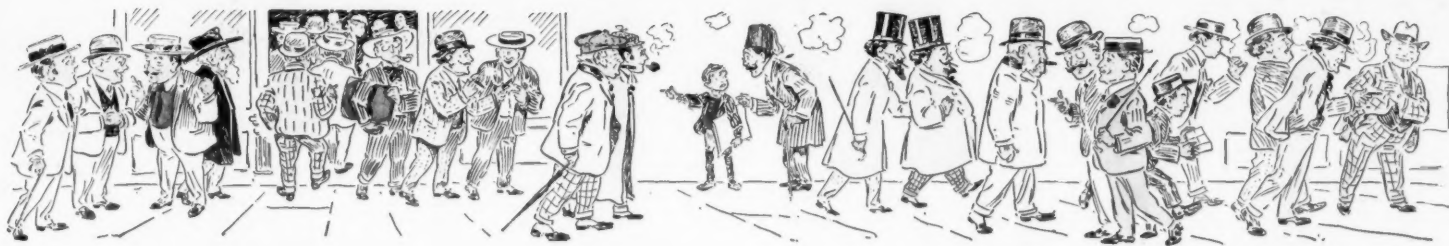
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Term open south. Free Catalogue. CAREY M. JONES, Pres.

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## THE SIGNS OF OUR CITIES - - By Rhey T. Snodgrass

(A true story of a real man's experience, told by the man himself for the benefit of other men—the space being paid for at regular rates by a national business institution, also for the benefit of other men)

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

¶ SHE says I'm "fussy." Whether that opinion is based on my attitude toward things in general, or only a few things, I am not quite sure. But I have noticed that her allusions to my "fussiness" are usually made when I have just bought or am just about to buy tobacco.



Perhaps I am a bit particular

¶ Perhaps I *am* a bit particular about that. Why shouldn't I be? I don't smoke for money, or for charity, or to help business—I smoke for *pleasure*. And the whole enjoyment consists in having just the kind of tobacco I like. Then it's real luxury.



At home I like a good pipe

¶ At home I like a good pipe and ——— Smoking Tobacco. You might not like it at all. There may be a dozen brands just as good or better, but my taste has been educated up to it, or down to it, and it suits me exactly.



Four minutes' run

¶ Have you ever tried to find some unusual brand of tobacco? Try it once—it will help cultivate your patience, self-control, and all those gentler attributes of manhood, unless—but let me tell you how I found out.

¶ It's seven minutes' walk or four minutes' run from the office to the ferry. With four respectable looking tobacco stores on the way I figured the chances of getting a box of my pet tobacco were first class, though at the expense of a little breath. One, two, three, four—each had a brand that was better, something they knew I would like, but not what I asked for. So I took what I didn't want, missed the boat, and hated myself for being "easy."



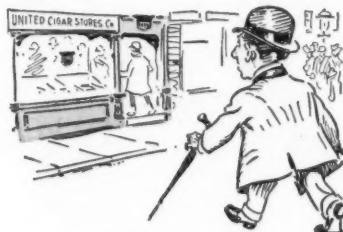
Missed the boat

¶ Later, in my travels about town, I tried other tobacco stores, finding that very few had my kind, the others all earnestly assuring me that the brand was no longer on the market, or that it was supplanted by choicer blends, or that it was rare and very few men ever called for it. Just as if I gave a tinker's tin pan about what anybody else smoked!



As if I gave a tinker's tin pan!

¶ For some reason or other, more likely the perversity of human nature than anything else, I hadn't tried a United Cigar Store. But one evening, after all the other stores in the neighborhood were closed, I took a wild chance and rushed into a United Store.



I took a wild chance

¶ "Have you ——— Smoking Tobacco?"

¶ "Yes, Sir, we have about *every* brand of tobacco, every brand of cigars, and every brand of cigarettes, that anybody wants, and we have them, not only here but at all of our stores."

¶ Whew! At all of our stores! That means that wherever one of those blooming red "United" signs is in sight I can get what I want, and get it instantly without argument, always fresh and at the same price, everywhere. And not only in New York but all over the United States!



"Yes, Sir, we have"



Smoothing the rough edges

¶ Since that time buying my tobacco has been almost as enjoyable as smoking it. And *smoking* is one of the rarest of luxuries, smoothing the rough edges of life and bridging many a chasm of care!

NOTE.—Thousands of men have had similar experiences, and millions of men now satisfy their tobacco needs at the sign of the United Shield. This complete service is always at hand in most of the large cities in the United States. A new store is being opened every other day.



MEN whose opportunities and inclinations have made them expert judges of life's luxuries, know from long experience that


## MURAD CIGARETTES

supply the most perfect blend of the finest Turkish leaf that has ever been obtained. It is because the Murad blend so successfully combines richness with pleasing mildness, that the Murad has attained its position as

**"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"**

**10 for 15 cents**

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Ave., New York


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Grand Prix, Milan, 1906  
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LOOSE FITTING  
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are cool and comfortable because they allow perfect freedom of motion and permit refreshing air to reach the pores.

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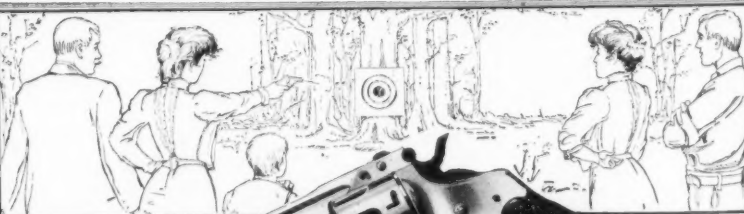

Insist upon seeing on every garment you purchase, the B. V. D. red woven label which consists of three white letters B. V. D. on a red woven background. It insures you a correctly cut, perfect fitting, well-made undergarment. Do not be deceived. Accept no "just as good."

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Makers of



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Pioneer Suspenders.

### For Leg Comfort



## THE CAPITAL OF THE CONGO

(Continued from page 13)

been returning after three years of exile to his home he could not have been more brimful of spirits. Captain Jensen was a Dane (almost every river captain is a Swede or a Dane) and talked a little English, a little French, and a little Bangala. The mechanic was a Finn and talked the native Bangala, and Anfossi spoke French. After chop, when we were all assembled on the upper deck, there would be the most extraordinary talks in four languages, or we would appoint one man to act as a clearing-house, and he would translate for the others.

On the lower deck we carried twenty "wood boys," whose duty was to cut wood for the furnace, and about thirty black passengers. They were chiefly soldiers, who had finished their period of service for the State, with their wives and children. They were crowded on the top of the hatches into a space fifteen by fifteen feet between our cabin door and the furnace. Around the combings of the hatches, and where the scuppers would have been had the *Deliverance* had scuppers, the river raced over the deck in eddies of a depth of four or five inches. When the passengers wanted to wash their few clothes or themselves they carried on their ablutions and laundry work where they happened to be sitting. But for Anfossi and myself to go from our cabin to the iron ladder of the bridge it was necessary to wade both in the water and to make stepping stones of the passengers. I do not mean we merely stepped over an occasional arm or leg. I mean we walked on them. You have seen a football player, in a hurry to make a touchdown, hurdle without prejudice both friends and foes. Our progress was like his. But by practise we became so expert that without even awakening them we could spring lightly from the plump stomach of a black baby to its mother's shoulder, from there leap to the father's ribs, and rebound upon the rungs of the ladder.

The river marched to the sea at the rate of four to five miles an hour. The *Deliverance* could make about nine knots an hour, so we traveled at the average rate of five miles; but for the greater part of each day we were tied to a bank while the boys went ashore and cut enough wood to carry us farther. And we never traveled at night. Owing to the changing currents, before the sun set we ran into shore and made fast to a tree. I explained how in America the river boats used searchlights, and was told that on one boat the State had experimented with a searchlight, but that particular searchlight having got out of order the idea of night traveling was condemned.

### A Leisurely Progress up the Big River on a "Tin Tub" Steamboat

OURS was a most lazy progress, but one with the most beautiful surroundings and filled with entertainment. From our private box we looked out upon the most wonderful of panoramas. Sometimes we were closely hemmed in by mountains of light-green grass, except where in the hollows streams tumbled in tiny waterfalls between gigantic trees hung with strange flowering vines and orchids. Or we would push into great lakes of swirling brown water, dotted with flat islands overgrown with reed grass higher than the head of a man. Again the water turned blue and the trees on the banks grew into forests with the look of cultivated, well-cared-for parks, but with no sign of man, not even a mud hut or a canoe; only the strangest of birds and the great river beasts. Sometimes the sky was overcast and gray, the warm rain shut us in like a fog, and the clouds hid the peaks of the hills, or there would come a swift black tornado and the rain beat into our private box, and each would sit crouched in his rain coat, while the engineer smothered his driving rods in palm oil, and the great drops drummed down upon the awning and drowned the fire in our pipes. After these storms, as though it were being pushed up from below, the river seemed to rise in the centre, to become concave. By some optical illusion, on either hand it seemed to fall away to the depth of three or four feet.

But as a rule we had a brilliant, gorgeous sunshine that made the eddying waters flash and sparkle, and caused the banks of sand to glare like whitewashed walls, and turned the sharp, hard fronds of the palms into glittering sword-blades. The movement of the boat tempered the heat, and in lazy content we sat in our lookout box and smiled upon the world. Except for the throb of the engine and the slow splash, splash, splash of the wheel there was no sound. We might have been adrift in the heart of a great ocean. So complete was the silence, so few the sounds of man's presence, that at times one almost thought that ours was the first boat to disturb the Congo.

Although we were traveling by boat, we spent as much time on land as on the water. Because the *Deliverance* burnt wood and, like an invading army, "lived on the country," she was always stopping to lay in a supply. That gave Anfossi and myself a chance to visit the native villages or to hunt in the forest.

To feed her steamers the State has established along the river bank posts for wood, and in theory at these places there always is a sufficient supply of wood to carry a steamer to the next post. But our experience was either that another steamer had just taken all the wood or that the boys had decided to work no more and had hidden themselves in the bush. The State posts were "clearings," less than one hundred yards square, cut out of the jungle. Sometimes only black men were in charge, but as a rule the *chef de poste* was a lonely, fever-ridden white, whose only interest in our arrival was his hope that we might spare him quinine. I think we gave away as many grains of quinine as we received logs of wood. Empty-handed we would turn from the wood post and steam a mile or so farther up the river, where we would run into a bank, and a boy with a steel hawser would leap overboard and tie up the boat to the roots of a tree. Then all the boys would disappear into the jungle and attack the primeval forest. Each was supplied with a machete and was expected to furnish a *bras* of wood. A *bras* is a number of sticks about as long and as thick as your arm, placed in a pile about three feet high and about three feet wide. To fix this measure the head boy drove poles into the bank three feet apart, and from pole to pole at the same distance from the ground stretched a strip of bark. When each boy had filled one of these openings all the wood was carried on board, and we would unhitch the *Deliverance*, and she would proceed to burn up the fuel we had just collected. It took the twenty boys about four hours to cut the wood, and the *Deliverance* the same amount of time to burn it. It was distinctly a hand-to-mouth existence. The Congo captains never attempt to travel when it is too dark to see the currents, so every night at sunset Captain Jensen ran into the bank, and as soon as the plank was out all the black passengers and the crew passed down it and spent the night on shore. In five minutes the women would have the fires lighted and the men would be cutting grass for bedding and running up little shelters of palm boughs and hanging up linen strips that were both tents and mosquito nets.

### Camping Under the African Stars While the Steamboat Rests Overnight

IN the moonlight the natives with their camp-fires and torches made most wonderful pictures. Sometimes for their sleeping place the captain would select a glade in the jungle, or where a stream had cut a little opening in the forest, or a sandy island, with tall rushes on either side and the hot African moon shining on the white sand and turning the palms to silver, or they would pitch camp in a buffalo wallow, where the grass and mud had been trampled into a clay floor by the hoofs of hundreds of wild animals. But the fact that they were to sleep where at sunrise and at sunset came buffaloes, elephants, and panthers, disturbed the women not at all, and as they bent, laughing, over the iron pots, the firelight shone on their bare shoulders and was reflected from their white teeth and rolling eyes and brazen bangles.

Until late in the night the goats would bleat, babies cry, and the "boys" and "mammies" talked, sang, quarreled, beat tom-toms, and squeezed mournful groans out of the accordion of civilization. One would have thought we had anchored off a busy village rather than a chance spot, where before that night the inhabitants had been only the beasts of the jungle and the river.

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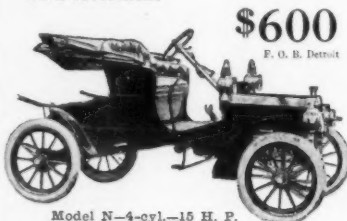
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When he figured it out, however, he found his practice and income were steadily increasing and that, thanks to the speedy, tireless car, he could handle just three times the work—make three times as many calls in a day if necessary, as he could before, and still retain his own health. And for a pleasure ride afterward—the car never tires.

City salesmen, collectors, inspectors, contractors, business and professional men in all lines who have to cover large territory every day, are reaping rich harvests in time and results by the use of Ford Runabouts.

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## THE REAL MR. FAIRBANKS

(Continued from page 15)

According to the rules of the game, to oppose this force meant political suicide for the Governor. As a matter of fact, a quiet conference did settle his fate. It was held at the Lincoln Hotel in Pittsburg, Pa., early in the winter of 1904. Among those present were Fairbanks, Joseph B. Kealing, Harry Starr, now vice-president and general counsel for the Wisconsin Central, and incidentally chairman of the Executive Committee of the Indiana Republican organization; James Goodrich, State chairman of the Republican organization and local attorney for the Big Four road; and James A. Hemenway of Boonville, Ind., who afterward stepped into Fairbanks's shoes as United States Senator.

The conference decided that Durbin, who was an avowed candidate for the Senate, should be railroaded to obscurity for having "broken faith with the boys"; that Hemenway (who even at that time had earned for himself in Washington the reputation of E. H. Harriman's staunchest admirer) should be the machine candidate for the Senate; and that J. Frank Hanly, provided he made satisfactory terms with Starr, should be Governor. They carried through this machine program. Starr took Hanly to Pittsburg for a second conference. Evidently Mr. Hanly's assurances were satisfactory, for Starr endorsed his candidacy and returned to Indianapolis to line up the lesser bosses. Starr managed the Hanly canvass on the floor of the State convention. Having carried it through successfully and disposed of Durbin, he took charge of the Hemenway campaign for the Senate. Hanly and Hemenway were elected. So exit Durbin, a victim of his honesty. Beveridge has escaped so far, owing solely to his popularity with "the common people."

Senator Fairbanks—we read in the inspired story of his life—"takes a serious view of party politics." He thinks that "party organizations are the great methods by which the people express their views on party affairs. . . . He deals with them as serious questions, ever using all his influence to elevate partizanship."

"When he entered the Senate of the United States," says William Henry Smith in another inspired passage, "it was at a great pecuniary sacrifice; for having accepted office at the hands of the people, he determined to give to their service the same conscientious attention he had given to his profession, and to do that he must be prepared to give all his time; so he at once retired from the practise of law." Also partly from the practise of railroads, which Mr. Smith forgets, as ever, to mention.

In recent years Mr. Fairbanks has held other than legal and proprietary relations with railroads. In the quiet way characteristic of the man, he has placed many of them in the new position of customers. He is a manufacturer of railroad supplies, notably of frogs and switches. He has personally solicited custom from the railroads, and since becoming a Senator he has made contracts with many Western roads.

Mr. Fairbanks carries on this business under the name of the Indianapolis Frog and Switch Works. The plant is at Springfield, Ohio, and was known before he bought it as "The Old East Street Shops." The property has several other corporate names, and it turns out other articles besides frogs and switches; but the underlying check-book is that of Charles Warren Fairbanks. He receives the monthly statements; he pays the deficits or pockets the returns. As usual, the nominal heads of the works are Mr. Fairbanks's relatives. Brother-in-law M. L. Milligan (who served as straw man to cover the Fairbanks ownership of the old Indianapolis "Journal") is one official. A brother and a son are also on the list; but no one doubts that Fairbanks really owns the plant. He bought it in the early nineties for \$180,000, the Northwestern Life Association financing the deal. That was a time of serious business depression, and the property is worth a great deal more now. Mr. Fairbanks has owned this property through the whole term of his public life as Senator and Vice-President. At the period when he and his associates of the Republican Administration were considering legislation strongly opposed to the railroad interests, Mr. Fairbanks, through this Indianapolis Frog and Switch Works, had active business relations with a number of the most influential railroad interests in the country—interests which were in a position to turn business to these shops or away from them.

### Fairbanks's Record as a Lawmaker

I HAVE digressed a little from my congenial task of filling in the Fairbanks legislative record for the revised edition of "Life and Speeches." The summary will not take much room. His record as a Senator is as barren as the Salton Bottoms of California. Who will point to a statute on the law books which is his? What bill did he ever champion—whether successfully or otherwise—which has done any good to any one but himself? What steal did he ever expose? What defect did he ever point out in a pending law? What causes did he ever lead, what word did he ever speak, which would justify his presence in the highest legislative body in the land? Let us see.

He put in a resolution appropriating a relief fund for the sufferers in the Martinique disaster. It was suggested to him by a telegram from the editor of his paper, the "News," and was drawn by an old employee of the Senate. He introduced a bill for the admission of Oklahoma as a State. It was drawn by one of the Justices of the Oklahoma Supreme Court, and was sent to Fairbanks for introduction. He fathered a bill providing that country postmasters might, upon request, forward over the telephone the contents of special delivery letters. This was suggested to him by an employee of the Associated Press in Chicago. That is all. But his "integrity of character and lofty conception of the duties of a public servant and of the exalted dignity and responsibilities of a member of the highest legislative body in the world" fit him "to take a place among the lawmakers of a nation."

Mr. Fairbanks has played a heavy stake on winning the Republican nomination for the Presidency. He relies on the Wall Street interests with which he has so long been associated. The Wall Street interests wish to elect a man who will respect the integrity of property, one who comprehends the folly of attacking large business interests. Fairbanks is that kind of a man. Probably there is less enthusiasm for Mr. Fairbanks among the common people, notwithstanding the dictum of that great authority, the Indianapolis "Star." As compared to Roosevelt, Fairbanks can not but impress the people as vague in personality. There is an absence of anything tangible, which has resulted in that strange belief that he is "cold." As characterizing his manner, nothing could be farther from the truth. He is smiling and urbane. He will not quarrel openly. He will not argue. He is as unresisting on his personal side as well cooked macaroni. If there is any coldness—and Mr. Smith says that there is none—it lies within, not on the surface. The public, with its dim appreciation of truths, shows somehow a feeling that Fairbanks is a man misplaced. That hits nearer the mark. He is misplaced—a trader trying to be a statesman.

This supplementary biography is respectfully offered to Mr. Smith to fill in the chinks of his "Life and Speeches of Charles Warren Fairbanks," a man (I quote from the admirable William Henry) who tries "to lift party politics from the low marsh of detraction and corruption up to the high plane of reason and argument"; with whom "life has been too serious for him to utter sentiments foreign to his heart"; who, in the Senate, "was too modest, too self-contained, too much amenable to the traditions of the august body which he had entered to push himself unduly forward in debate"; yet whose words, when he does speak, "are not mere words thrown together to make phrases for oratorical effect, but they come from the keystone of his conscience; they are the axioms of his political life and the guides of his public service," who is "never so happy as when inculcating good citizenship," who is "a consistent and earnest Christian," and "never a pessimist, but always an optimist"; who "would no more falter in the face of duty than a soldier would falter and hang back in the face of an enemy on the battlefield"; a man, finally, who "turned a deaf ear to popular clamor and did what he believed was right," and yet "is of the people and trusts to their unerring judgment."

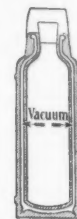
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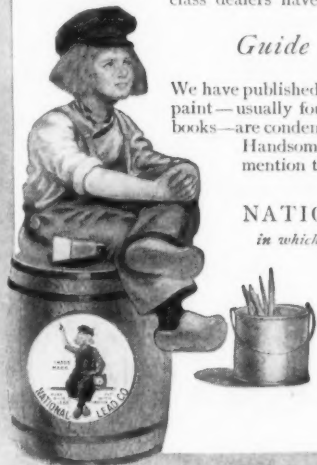
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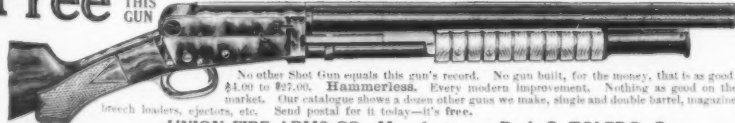
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A tempting dessert confection, as frail in substance as the honeyed blossoms, yet with a wealth of goodness and delightful flavor beyond compare.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

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## Free BOOK TELLS OF SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS



No other Shot Gun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good. \$4.00 to \$7.00. Hammerless. Every modern improvement. Nothing as good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it today—it's free.

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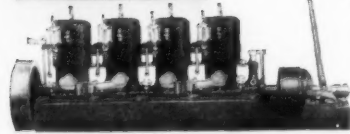
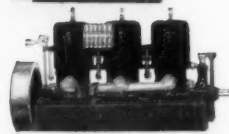
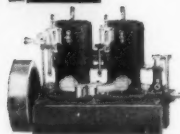
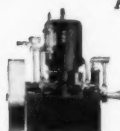


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from 2 1-2 to 40 h. p. 1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinders

## The High Grade Engine at a Low Price

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Built in the most modern and up-to-date plant in the world and with the largest output of any plant devoted exclusively to the building of 2-cycle Marine Engines.

2 1-2 h. p. \$65.00

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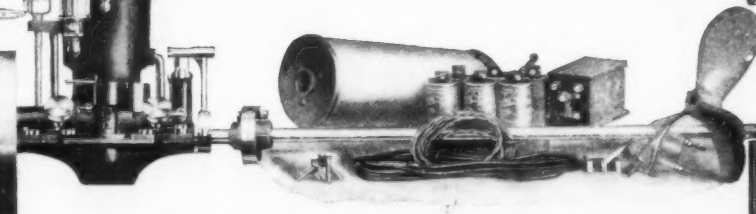
6 h. p. \$97.50

10 h. p. \$158.00

12 h. p. \$210.00

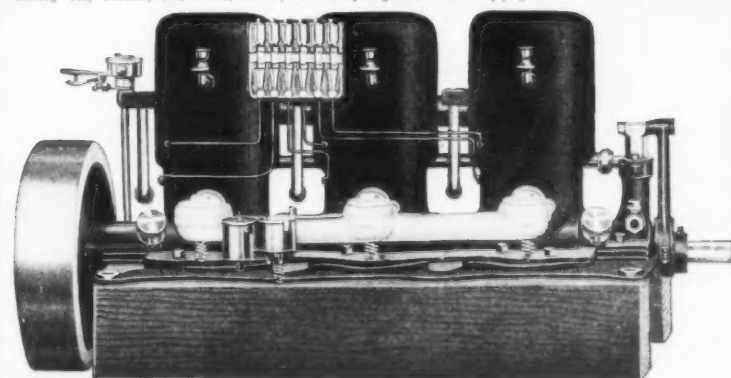
Special prices on larger sizes. All guaranteed to deliver more power than sold for.

Immediate Delivery  
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6 H. P. Complete Outfit \$97.50

Suitable for 14 to 25 foot boats—6 h. p. Engine completely equipped shaft, wheel, stuffing box, batteries, coil, switch, muffler, wire—everything but tank and piping.



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OUR PLANT IS EQUIPPED with the highest grade tools and machinery it is possible to buy—Exactly the same machinery that is used to build Packard, Pope-Toledo, Winton, Ford and other high-grade Automobiles. We buy material and build in such enormous quantities we can afford to make the attractive prices we quote and give you the best made engine in the world.

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is my  
third dish*



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